TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 1. { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, OCTOBER 13, 1888. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. For Annum (in advance), $2. } No. 46.

Around Town.

This is to be a year of investigations. Ald. Gillespie is determined to clean out our Augean stables if it takes him all winter. Those who criticize him on the ground that investigations are expensive might take a different view of it if they sat apart for a few minutes with a slate and pencil and figured out how costly and badly constructed public works become when there are no investigations and the contractors and officials have it all their own way. That there have been no absolute convictions in the past is not material. Those serving the city have been taught that the city treasury cannot be robbed with impunity, and to those who are not entirely shameless, public scorn is a severe punishment. Moreover, there is a tendency amongst business men to ostracize the boodler. Public sentiment has greatly changed in Toronto during the past few years, and the man who makes his money by questionable means, particularly the one who has embezzled or misappropriated funds, cannot fraternize with the men of the street as he once could. The hilarious spirit who has plundered the city or "done up" some institution can always find men who will help him spend his money, but even in barrooms the majority will turn their back to him, or, at least, fail to invite him to join their circle. These investigations are useful not only to punish the wrong-doer, but to warn him that the Council are prepared to make it hot for him if he does not behave himself. In the past there has been too much leniency shown, and the City Fathers seemed to act on the principle that it was cheaper to be robbed than to resist. This sort of thing made robbery a favorite profession, but recent investigations are changing it all. The crooked contractor and the dishonest official must be made to move on and to move out.

***

Ald. Gillespie's trouble in the past has been that he has snapped too many caps, and people cease to get frightened when he pulls the trigger, never believing him to be loaded. Gaining more experience in the Council, he has, probably, become more cautious. It is to be hoped this time that his gun is loaded with something more dangerous than a spoonful of powder and a pot of mush.

***

Ald. Hallam is another noisy sister. If he could get into the habit of sitting on himself he would be a much more useful member of the Council.

***

Constable Jarvis of the "move on" incident has shown himself to be just such a man as the Rev. Mr. Wilson endeavored to prove him to be, but his conduct furnishes no excuse for the unreasonable editorials in the *Telegram* denouncing Mayor Clark as having been derelict in his duty in not having made a personal complaint against the disorderly policeman. As Police Commissioner it is Mayor Clarke's duty to support the officers of the law, until it is clearly shown they are in the wrong. He can't sit as judge, as he must as Police Commissioner, and act as prosecutor as the *Telegram* demands; and the paper mentioned does itself no credit by its jubilation over the fall of a man, even if he is only a constable.

***

Mercy is a quality which we prize most in a judge when appealing for his clemency. Justice Galt's sentence on the thug Buckley seems to me just a little too merciful. The majority of people think he should have been hanged.

***

There is no stronger argument against sensational journalism than the illustrations so frequently furnished of the contagiousness of crime. In newspaper offices, ever since I have had any connection with them, it has always been remarked that any peculiar or particularly revolting crime is almost invariably repeated or imitated. On one occasion when I assumed the night editorship of a large daily paper my first instructions from the editor and proprietor were never to publish any news concerning the burning of newspaper offices or offences against the persons or property of the proprietors or editors by people who desired to revenge themselves for real or fancied grievances. He told me that frequently he had noticed the imitation of offences of that sort and expressed the belief that the newspapers by publishing such items suggested to weak or wicked minds a means of retaliation. I cannot say that his instructions exalted my ideas of his courage but knowing him to be one of the ablest men in his profession I took some pains to watch the current of midnight news which came to me for editing, and it was really astonishing how some particular sort of crime would pass like a wave over America. Incendiarism, elopements, fiendish attacks on the person, and all sorts of things would repeat themselves night after night, and then give way to some other variety of viciousness. It seems to me the Whitechapel murders, committed with so much stealth, have found an imitator in the sender of the poisoned candies which resulted in the death of the little girl at Galt. The intention to commit a number of murders, instead of one, is quite evident, and the horror excited by the affair is intensified by the fear that revengeful or half-crazed domestics may adopt poison as a popular method of "getting even" with an unpopular mistress, or to quiet forever troublesome children. Of course newspapers wou'd cease to be of interest or value if they did not publish the news, but it is evident that the less sensation there is in it, the better. In matured and healthy minds, the details of crime excite horror; to the morbid or unhealthy, to those weakened by trouble or warped by the nursing of hate and the desire for revenge, the details of some horrible offence are full of suggestiveness; and as to a man standing on a high bridge or at the brink of rushing water, the ease of suicide brings with it temptation never felt at other times, so a flood of criminal news seems to carry away as if by some unseen and irresistible force the weak, the vicious and the mentally unbalanced.

***

Clerical topics seem numerous this week, and, unfortunately, I find the Rev. T. W. Jeffery furnishing a text. I say unfortunately, because there is not a more lovable man in Toronto. He is generous, hard-working and sympathetic. There never was a time when he would not yield his last sixpence to the suffering and needy, and before now he has taken his coat off his back and given it to a man who needed it. Yet through the intrigues of a rival or the machinations of men who are unworthy to lace his boots that he should be slandered and criticized is a sorrow to all those who know and love him. His reputation, however, is not such as can be blasted by a breath of scandal. His popularity has never been due to the cultivation of Mother Grundy's good nature. That he will come out unblemished and live to see his accusers humiliated I have no doubt. I say this, not because I believe he is perfect, far from it. His impulsive nature is such that it makes most apparent his manly weaknesses. But bless us all, aren't they such as rather endear him to us? Brother Jeffery can feel sure that he is one of the few clergymen in Toronto that even the sinner will not seek cause to scoff at and no one will believe him guilty of any serious transgression until it is proven.

***

To those who appreciate the greatness of the Rev. Dr. Parker, the great London preacher whose fame has reached every portion of the English-speaking world, his letter bemoaning the wreck of his faith in the book of Daniel will cause genuine sorrow wherever read, for it is evidently the product of a mind diseased. Had it not come to us by cable, together with the fact that it had been published in leading London dailies, one would imagine it to be the work of a sceptical humorist, it reads so like a selection from Bill Nye. For instance, "I had risked untold consequences on the date of his composition. I had added up the time, and the times and the half-times, and made them exactly correspond with our February 31st, and by multiplying the two horns of the ram with Daniel's birthday, and adding the horn of the he-goat, that pushed the ram with the two horns, I had spelled out the name of the right Rev. Father in God, the Lord Bishop of Liverpool." This may sound a little like Dr. Wild, which might be looked upon as some proof that Dr. Parker was not mad but only endeavoring to create a sensation, but when he follows it by a very ancient joke about being "found by two policemen who had never found anything else," he returns to the style of the Yankee newspaper humorist. What a pitiable thing it is to see a great intellect shattered and a great career brought to a woeful close in this way! How much kinder Providence seems to the great man who, like Beecher, dies in the fulness of his strength, than to the Rev. Dr. Parker, whose fate has been what Beecher feared—that the "tree might first die at the top," and stand a shattered monument of what once had been its beauty and glory.

***

Religious and thoughtful society in Great Britain has been considerably excited by Canon Farrar's reiteration, at the Church Congress at Manchester, of his "disbelief in the old-fashioned notions of future punishment." We all remember the profound sensation he caused some years ago when he first repudiated the "lake of fire and brimstone, where the vast majority of mankind dying in unrepentant sin were tortured with inconceivable agonies and material flames in endless milleniums of vengeance." We know, too, that he speaks the truth when he says, "At first, day after day and week after week, the most unsparing anathemas were heaped upon me, but now the old doctrine in its naked horror is practically dead." That he is supported in his belief in a future which shall not be one of eternal retribution by many old fathers cannot be denied, and that the best religious thought in the extremely orthodox Anglican Church endorses his position is shown by the fact that in the same Congress Canon Luckock argued that there is an intermediate state after death where the heathen and ignorant are educated. Again the Rev. Sir George W. Cox was equally strong in his repudiation of the doctrines of eternal punishment, and also quoted largely from the fathers, remarking that "the more we rose to the faith of these great Christian thinkers and teachers the less we shall care for dramatic pictures of the great white throne with angels marshalling mankind to the great assize." That the old prejudice still lingers, was illustrated by the hisses heard in the hall when he referred to the "tyranny of sacred books" and expressed doubts as to the authenticity of some portions of the New Testament. That mankind in general do not believe in eternal tortures of the pit "whose smoke ascendeth forever and ever," "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched" is amply proven by the lethargy of Christians and the comfortable apathy of the sinner. While we may subscribe to creeds which include the doctrine Canon Farrar repudiates our lives do not show the sincerity of our profession. If we really believed in the awful future which in our earlier days was so graphically depicted at camp-meeting and revival services, our whole lives would be a never-ceasing struggle to escape such a terrible fate, and we could ave no thought for other pursuits. Nor is it necessary that the Christian church should be supported by fear. In the Dark Ages fear of the Inquisition and the tortures of the stake were thought necessary to prevent heresy. That idea was long ago abandoned to the great benefit of true religion. An absorbing and overwhelming fear is the shroud of happiness and the sepulchre of love. The old-fashioned teaching of fire and brimstone is being replaced by the message of love, and the dark picture in which the smoke of the pit was the awful back-ground is succeeded by glimpses of glory and beatific visions of happiness. The sound of the roaring of the awful furnace into which the wicked were cast is dying away amidst the songs of praise and joy, and who can say that the world is worse, that lives are less beautiful, that homes are not purer and happier, that souls are not more exalted than in those days when the progress of the Christian was depicted as a wild flight from the wrath to come, rather than a journey to a joyful reward. Is not the picture of a Christian leaning on the arm of a loving Saviour more beautiful, attractive and consistent with the idea of our creation, preservation and the wonderful sacrifice for our salvation than that of frightened fugitive in despairing flight before the old-fashioned Satan, his panting heart almost breaking for fear that when he reaches the City of Refuge he may not be one of the elect or may have fallen short in some point of doctrine? Canon Farrar has done much to exalt modern ideas of the Deity, and it cannot be said that his teaching has made sin less awful or led people to believe that its consequences are not inevitable.

***

In Montreal Protestantism is receiving an awakening, and the Ministerial Association is taking steps to find out why the majority of people stay away from church. The city has been divided into districts and visiting committees formed to make enquiries from door to door with a view of eliciting the sectarian preferences of each family and to invite them to the various places of worship. Toronto is a city of church-goers, but there are thousands here who habitually stay away. How much effort is being made by others than the Salvation Army to induce them to attend divine service? Is it not time some organized effort was made?

***

In Scotland I notice from the following paragraph clipped from Labouchere's *Truth* that a vigorous revivalist has arisen who evidently does not spare his adjectives in endeavoring to arouse his church to activity. His name is Rev. John Robertson of Stonehaven, and he preached an "awakening" sermon at that place which has excited a considerable amount of attention in Scotland. He defined the "rock ahead" of the Free Church as "an anti-evangelical spirit—sly, sleeky and slimy;" and he fears that "if our ministers were to become insurance agents for eternal life they would not wax fat on the premiums they would dare to issue." Moderation is "a wizened, blasted thing"; and the two hereditary diseases which run in the veins of the "Scottish descendant of the King of the Mountain Mist" are, it seems, "whisky and moderation." Scotland, indeed, is "a drunken ditch, and Jesus Christ himself would no more be a moderate drinker in Scotland to-day than he would be a moderate cannibal chewing his brother's flesh in the island of Fiji." Mr. Robertson declares that the "born communicant" is too often "the robber of God's heritage, the filcher of Judah's message, the doomed and deluded garroter of Christ's holy convenant, the unconverted, unsaved believer, the kirk-going child of the devil," and with the assurance that "Night is fallen, dark, dense, starless, eternal—for ever and for ever night," Mr. Robertson dismissed the congregation to their Sabbath dinners with such appetites as they might carry away after so exciting an exhortation.

DON.

MISS JULIA NEILSON.

Distinguished People Series—No. 4

MISS JULIA NEILSON.

The subject of our frontispiece for this week is Miss Julia Neilson, an English actress of great promise, whose first appearance at the beginning of the last London season aroused the enthusiasm of the critics. Her appearance on this occasion was in the character of Cynisca, from Gilbert's Pygmalion and Galatea. Miss Neilson is tall and graceful, with a fine stage face, and possesses a most musical voice. She has had the advantage of being specially trained for a musical career, and, after the encouragement she has received at the Lyceum, will, no doubt, rapidly win her way to the front, in the profession she has so happily chosen.

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarcely in that; for it is true we have given advice, but we cannot give conduct. Remember this, they that will not be counselled cannot be helped. If you don't hear reason she will rap your knuckles.—*Franklin.*

Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our lives.

When you go home, fill the house with joy so that the light of it will stream out of the windows and doors, and illuminate even the darkness

He who, meeting a pleasant temptation, stops to shake hands with it, will generally end by going with it wherever it chooses to lead him.

All gay in tennis tire, a maid,
With supple form and hair in braid,
Put me in perturbation.
I thought her artress, from her guise,
But found her, much to my surprise,
Most apt in disputation.
She sang divinely, painted well,
Could name the stars, and, strange to tell,
Was quite a politician.

Of art and science, cause and phase,
Sports and religion, books and plays,
She knew by precognition.
Her beauty, added to her wit,
Made me think matrimony fit,
And I was fain to risk it,
Until her mother one day said,
This maiden could not make a bed,
Or fabricate a biscuit.

J. A. WALDRON, IN *Judge*.

Society.

The Fall meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club brought out a goodly array of the beauty and fashion of Toronto last Saturday afternoon. Of course it was not to be expected that the large number of fashionables who adorn the grand stand on May 24 and Dominion Day would be visible at the Fall meeting.

•

There were five fixtures on the programmes for the afternoon, the particulars of which have already been given in the daily papers. The unfortunate death of Trustee at the last hurdle in the open steeplechase handicap was a matter of regret to all, and much sympathy was expressed for the chestnut's owner, Dr. Moorhouse.

•

I think nearly all the officers of the club were present, at any rate I saw Mr. Wm. Hendrie, the President; Vice-Presidents Hon. Frank Smith and Mr. T. C. Patteson; Dr. Smith and Messrs. Barton Walker, Lyndhurst Ogden, C. T. Mead, J. H. Mead, C. Brown, Wm. Christie and Major Dickson.

•

Amongst those on the grand stand and in the enclosure were Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mrs. Walter Dickson, Miss Gardener, Mrs. Carruthers, Mrs. McFarlane, Miss McFarlane, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Hugh Ryan, Mrs. Wm. Ryan, Mrs. Austin Smith, Miss Ryan of Brockville, Miss Milligan, Miss Mary Milligan, Miss Smith, and Messrs. Rolly Moffats, G. W. Beardmore, Alfred Beardmore, Walter D. Beardmore, Dr. Campbell, A. E. Denison, E. W. Sandys, Richard Lee, C. J. Smith, Walter S. Lee, Jack Murray, Wm. Petley, Harry Piper, A. G. Brown, A. H. Collins, W. S. Dickey, Wm. Spratt, Austin Smith, Hugh Ryan, Jack Macdonald, Robert Myles, Major Harrison, Alex. Gordon of Ottawa, F. G. Cox, W. Kiely, G. W. Kiely, George Kiely, Dundas Mossom, Dr. Strange, Dugald McMurchy, Wm. Hendrie, jr., Percy Rutherford, J. M. McFarlane and Frank McPhillips.

•

The autumn air is vocal with the sound of wedding bells. The latest one I have to record is the Smith-Nichol wedding which took place at St. Basil's Church last Tuesday morning. The contracting parties were Mr. Charles Smith, youngest son of the late Ald. Smith, and Miss Kate Isabelle Nichol, daughter of Mr. J. J. J. Nichol of 483 Sherbourne street. The hour fixed for the ceremony was 9 o'clock, but it was fully half an hour later when the spectators in the pews at St. Basil's caught their first glimpse of the bridesmaids as they passed up the aisle escorted by the ushers. The first bridesmaid, Miss Jennie Smith, a sister of the groom, whose dress of white faille francaise was most becoming, wore natural flowers in her hair, and carried a bouquet of pink roses. Her handsome diamond broach was the gift of the groom, as were each of those worn by the other bridesmaids. The second bridesmaid, Miss Cooper of Rochester, N. Y., was very much admired. Her gown was similar to that of Miss Jennie Smith with the exception of the trimming, which in Miss Cooper's case, if my memory fails me not, was white velvet and duchess point lace.

•

The three remaining bridesmaids were the youthful nieces of the groom, Miss Maggie Boeckh, Miss Lulu Smith and Miss Maggie Murdoch.

•

Following closely after the bridesmaids came the cynosure of all eyes—the bride, leaning on the arm of her father—and charming, indeed, did she look in her bridal veil and wreath of orange blossoms. Her dress was a marvel of the costumier's art and a perfect dream of bewilderment to the ignorance of a masculine pen. I think her bouquet was of white roses, and I am almost sure some in the pews whispered that her diamond ornaments were the gift of the groom.

•

At the altar the groom was in waiting, supported by his groomsmen, Mr. Geo. J. Nichol, of New York, a brother of the bride, and his brother, Mr. E. J. Smith.

•

The marriage itself was characterized by all that beauty of ritual which the Catholic Church lends to all her ceremonies, Very Reverend Father Vincent officiating, assisted by Reverend Father Brennan.

•

A nuptial mass was celebrated immediately after the wedding, the choir being under the direction of Rev. Father Chalandard—Rev. Father Murray presiding at the organ. Mrs. T. A. Hodgson of Ottawa sang Nicholas' Ave Maria with exquisite taste, and Mr. J. F. Kirk gave an admirable rendering of the Lauda Sion and Millard's Veni Creator.

•

From St. Basil's the wedding party drove to 483 Sherbourne street, where a *dejeuner* was served by Webb. Amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. Nichol, Mrs. Smith, Miss Smith, Miss Maude Nichol, Miss Maggie Smith, Mr. E. C. Boeckh, Mrs. Hodgson, Mr. and Mrs. Neil Smith, Mr. W. Cooper and Mr. George Cooper of Medina and Mr. E. Cooper of Rochester, N.Y.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Smith left town by the 12.20 train for a tour through the Eastern States.

•

Tuesday, October 23, will be a day long to be remembered by many a charming *debutante*, for on the evening of that day society will flock to Rosedale to be present at a ball at Dr. and Mrs. Larratt Smith's house, Summerhill, and this ball will be the first of the Toronto season of 1888-89. A recollection of two or three similar entertainments at this house in recent years, assures me that Dr. and Mrs. Larratt Smith's dance will be in all ways worthy of its important place as the opening of the season. It is quite certain that it will be much looked forward to and greatly enjoyed, for people will come fresh to the pleasures of the ballroom after months of absence. That which is first is generally best, the first valse and the first polka just as much as the first kiss and the first baby.

•

Mr. Justice Osler and Mrs. Osler gave an At Home at their house, 34 Avenue street, last Monday. Although not so large, it was as pleasant as its forerunners recorded in my last Saturday's social budget.

•

Too late for more than mere mention this week, Mrs. Stephen Jarvis of Beverley street gave an At Home on Thursday last.

•

The audiences which Miss Rosina Vokes drew to the Grand Opera House at the close of last week were larger and quite as fashionable as on the earlier evenings. On Saturday night the new piece, Tears, adapted from the French by Mr. Clay, did not prove quite as successful as had been expected, though it afforded Miss Helen Darce a better opportunity than she had during the week, and showed her beauty to great advantage in a simple white dress which I preferred to her magnificent yellow gown in The Rough Diamond.

•

The most noticeable feature of the bright, fascinating Pantomime Rehearsal was the immense improvement of Mr. Morton Selton in the part of Captain Tom Robinson. So excellent was Mr. Selton that one ceased to regret Mr. Brandon Thomas, unless it was that one wished Mr. Selton his equal in height. Whenever Captain Tom opened his mouth the audience shrieked. In the boxes were Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Boulton, Mr. John Morrow, Miss Mackenzie, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Percy Goldringham, Mr. Grant Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson and others.

•

Mr. G. Mercer Adam, accompanied by Mr. Ernest Andrews of the Ontario Bank, left town on Tuesday for a week's holiday in the Muskoka and Magnetewan country. Mr. Andrews will go in for duck shooting, whilst Mr. Adam will, in all probability, add something to the literary sketches of Muskoka.

•

Miss Lily Mitchell of St. Thomas, who has been visiting her cousin, Miss Mason of Jarvis street, returns home to-day.

•

Mr. Adam Hudspeth, Q.C., M.P., was in town last Tuesday.

•

I have a suggestion to make to hostesses, and especially to those who are intending to give afternoon At Homes during the coming season, and who desire to offer their guests some amusement other than the invariable tea and talk. Other hostesses there are to whom my suggestion may be useful; I mean those who disliking the trouble of taking up their carpets and turning their whole house upside down for a dance, wish to give an evening party of the kind called "musical," but are appalled at the woefully small number of musicians, in any sense of the word, whom they can count amongst their guests. It seems odd that a custom which is so common in almost all other countries, I mean the custom of engaging professional artistes for afternoon and evening gatherings of the above kind, is so little in vogue in Toronto as to be almost unknown. And yet there are few places where one would suppose that society would be less likely to dispense with the aid of professional musicians or elocutionists at their entertainments, for the reason that hardly anywhere in a society so large as that of Toronto, can there be such a complete dearth of amateur talent, not only in music, but in any of the arts which are exercised for the pleasure of audiences. I don't think I am below the mark when I say that on the fingers of both hands one can count not only those ladies and gentlemen who can and will sing a song in semi-public, but also even those who are sufficiently good pianists to be able to sit down and play for the entertainment of their own or their friends' guests. This fact is as lamentable as it is surprising, and on account of it many an At Home is songless, while very few hostesses dare to attempt a musical party. On the other hand, we have here several professional musicians of considerable merit, and it has always been a surprise to me that hosts and hostesses should demand their services so seldom.

•

As regards elocution and the use of this art for the purpose of entertaining, I think my readers will agree with me that it is a great blessing that amateur aspirants for its honors are so very few here as to be almost *nil*.

•

Mrs. George Blackstock's recitations were always delightful in their way, and when this talented lady returns to town, amateur talent will have regained a very great star, for her playing is equal to her reciting. One gentleman there is, a clergyman, and who lives not a hundred miles from Trinity College, whose comic recitations are a very rare treat. But these are exceptions, in nine cases out of ten an amateur recitation is a painful and a fearful thing.

•

Miss Maude Rutherford returned home Wednesday night after a three months' trip to Kingston, Montreal, etc.

•

The engagement of Miss M. Milligan to Mr. J. Fraser Macdonald, son of Hon. John Macdonald, is announced.

•

The Misses Homer Dixon, who have spent the last two years in Europe, are at present staying at the Grange, pending alterations which are being done at Holmwood. In honor of these ladies, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith gave a large dinner party on Tuesday. There was a dance after dinner, none the less pleasant in that it was impromptu, small and early.

•

The ball is to be kept rolling at the end of the month, for cards of invitation have been sent out in the names of Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt and Mr. Oliver Howland for a dance at Shrewsbury Lodge, Sir William Howland's residence on Simcoe street, on the 26th. It is some years since there has been a ball at this popular mansion, although early last winter and in honor of their artistic guests Mr. and Mrs. Merritt gave a large musical party.

•

The two dances to take place in the week beginning Sunday, October 21, will make that week the commencement of the season. Prophets of evil there are who declare that the coming winter will not be as brilliant as the last, and it is true that there will be a considerable number of absentees who can ill be spared; but in spite of all this, in an experience which dates back a considerable number of years, I have never known an October when similar croakings were not heard, while if report does not err, and if several dances which are already being discussed really follow close on the heels of the two I have announced, the curtain will rise on October 23 for an eminently sparkling first act of the season's comedy.

•

I wonder whether any of the ladies or gentlemen who performed the minuet at the Art Fair last spring witnessed Miss Rosina Vokes' fascinating dance in The Rough Diamond? If so, the sight must have given them food for thought. And, speaking of the Art Fair's minuet, I am reminded that Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon are leaving Government House, for the present at any rate, and have taken a house on Sherbourne street for the winter.

•

Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a son of the Duke of Leinster, was in town this week. Lord Edward spent some weeks here two winters ago and made many friends whose acquaintance he has returned to renew.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Wood of London, England, are the guests of Mrs. Cumberland on College avenue.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Cannington of Liverpool, England, who once resided here, are in town, and if one to suit them can be found will take a house for a year. That their quest may be successful is the earnest hope of many former friends and acquaintances.

•

Capt. Gamble Geddes and Mr. Fox are among those gentlemen who left yesterday for Orillia to join Mr. Edin Heward's deer shooting party on the shores of the Georgian Bay. Ladies are to accompany the expedition, and guides, beaters, cooks, tent-bearers have been provided on a large scale.

•

Sir David Macpherson has returned from Montreal, and reached Chestnut Park in time for a dinner party on Thursday evening.

•

Captain Bagshot, Lord Stanley's A. D. C., has been in town this week. The interminable addresses which marked the Governor General's visit to Toronto the other day, gave society little chance of making acquaintance either with him or with his suite. If the report of his popularity at Quebec and elsewhere which has reached me here, be true, his welcome on his next visit will be as warm as Lord Lansdowne's used to be, and perhaps even more so.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout have taken possession of their house in Rosedale. The place is well-known as having long been tenanted by Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie.

•

Every time I revisit the Grand Opera House I am unpleasantly reminded that the management have not seen the force of my suggestion last year, and have not yet provided a decent room for that necessity to so many of their patrons' enjoyment—the cigarette between the acts. The ladies' dressing-room seems to be as little used as ever, while poor smokers in the hall suffer from the draughts of that airy place as they have always done. I would also suggest the propriety of keeping opera glasses for loan or hire to theater-goers. Many people come so seldom to the play as not to keep glasses of their own, and many more, of whom I am one, are so forgetful as generally to leave theirs at home.

•

Miss Campbell of Carbrooke returned this week to Longueuil, where a deer-hunt is being organized but not so large or so formidable as the one I spoke of above.

•

Miss Robinson has gone to Orillia to stay with Mrs. Stephen Heward at Edinswold.

•

Mr. James Hendrie of Hamilton was in town this week.

•

Mrs. Nordheimer is at home this afternoon to the Colonel and officers of the Royal Grenadiers. Many civilians have been also bidden to meet the Grenadiers, and a number of society folks will make their way to Glenedith to-day.

•

On Tuesday morning a very fashionable wedding was celebrated in St. George's Cathedral at Kingston. The charming bride is one so well known and admired in Toronto that I have only to mention Miss Maud Gildersleeve's name in order to excite the interest of many a Torontonian who admired her so much during the holding of the Art Fair in the Granite Rink.

•

Captain Rivers of "A" Battery, the groom, was in full dress uniform, and was assisted by Major Wilson and Messrs. A. J. Sinclair, H. H. Gildersleeve (brother of the bride) and W. H. Macnee.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

E. BEETON
Chronometer and High-Grade Watch Specialist.
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE, TORONTO.
Repairing and adjusting of fine and complicated watches of every description my forte.
Key-winding Watches Altered to Stem-winders.

MONS. F. BOUCHER
VIOLIN VIRTUOSO
Will receive a limited number of pupils for the Violin.
RESIDENCE 168 HURON STREET
Also, will accept engagements for concerts as SOLOIST

Beef, Iron and Cocoa Wine
for Mental and Physical Exhaustion and Increasing the vigour of the Nerves, Intellect and Muscles. Produces healthy sleep. Is not followed by any evil effects such as languor or depression, and is pleasant to take.
ROSADONT
An antiseptic Liquid for Cleansing and Preserving the Teeth, Hardening the Gums, &c.
Brumell's Cough Drops
Tasteless Cod Liver Oil
DERMOLINE
For Chapped Hands, Lips, &c.
Bingham's Pharmacy, 100 Yonge St.
Telephone 1748. Always open. Dispensing a specialty. Physicians' consulting room

FASHIONS
Butterick's Metropolitan for Fall and Winter,
Madame Demorest's Portfolio,
L'Art de la Mode, Revue de la Mode,
Delineator, Season,
Young Ladies' Journal for October, Etc.
NYE & ARMSTRONG,
The Rossin House News Depot,
10 ROSSIN BLOCK. - - TORONTO.

LAWN TENNIS SETS
AT
$7.00, $8.50, $10, $12.50,
$15, $17.50, $20
SPLENDID VALUE
QUA & CO.
49 King St. West

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD
Express Steamers every Wednesday & Saturday.
Patronized by those who desire Comfort with Elegance.
Winter rates now in force.
Barlow Cumberland.
72 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

DYEING AND CLEANING
Latest improved Methods—Best House in Toronto—Damask Curtain Dyeing a Specialty.
STOCKWELL, HENDERSON & BLAKE
80 King Street West.

IF YOU WANT A FINE SHOE THAT IS A SUPERB fitter, that is stylish and pleasing to the eye, that gives entire satisfaction in wear, with no tacks, wax or thread to hurt the feet or tear stockings, buy our celebrated Kangaroo Shoes, unequalled in style and durability. Try them once and you will always wear them. Call and see them at
AMERICAN SHOE STORE
427 Yonge Street, L. A. STACKHOUSE

CHINA HALL — DOULTON BURSLEM TRADE MARK — CHINA HALL
49 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO
Now in stock the largest and finest assortment of
Dinner, Breakfast and Tea Sets
and will until December next open daily some of the newest goods in the trade. Visitors are invited to inspect our stock.
300 Distinct Patterns of Chamber Sets from $1 to $75 per set.
ORNAMENTS IN ENDLESS VARIETY
Best Electroplate and Rogers Table Cutlery
Hotel and Bar Goods a Specialty
Wholesale and Retail
GLOVER HARRISON ESTATE
IMPORTERS,

China. China. China.
C. & J. ALLEN
29 King Street West
Have opened a new and Extensive Department in
CHINA
Including Table Ware and Fancy Goods
All are Invited to Inspect our New Goods.
LARGE VARIETY OF
Dinner, Tea, Breakfast Sets
TOILET WARE
No trouble to show goods. Call and see our Novelties.

EDWARDS'
DESICCATED SOUP
Consists of Extract of BEEF and VEGETABLES in a dry state; quickly and easily made ready for the table; agreeable to the palate;
NUTRITIOUS, ECONOMICAL
and is, in its proportions of flesh-formers, heat-formers and mineral salts, a most perfect diet!
FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS
In tins, 1lb., 40c.; ½lb., 25c.; ¼lb., 15c.; and 2 oz. packets 5c.
EDWARDS' ECONOMIC COOKERY—a valuable book—post free on application.

W. A. MURRAY & CO.
Have special pleasure in calling attention to their Fall and Winter Importations for 1888. Stock was never before so large, and every Department is crowded with Novelties and all at the very closest cash prices. Every Lady in Town and Country should come and see the new Mantles, Millinery, Costumes, Silks, Velvets, Plushes, Dress Goods, Black Goods, Flannels, Linens, Blankets, House Furnishing Goods, Laces, Trimmings, Ribbons, Hosiery and Gloves, &c., &c., at
W. A. MURRAY & CO.'S
Largest Retail Importers in the Dominion
17, 19, 21, 23, 25, AND 27 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

THE YATISI CORSET
Is modeled from a design of one of the most celebrated Parisian makers. It gives the wearer the ease and grace so much admired in French ladies.
The Yatisi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensible.

The Yatisi Corset does not stretch at the waist, requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer, it will outlast any of the old-style rigid corsets.
The Yatisi Corset is made of the best materials, and being elastic (without rubber or springs), is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.
The Yatisi Corset is the only one that the purchaser can wear ten days and then return and have the money refunded if not found to be the most perfect-fitting, healthful and comfortable corset ever worn.
Every merchant who sells the Yatisi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers, and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.
The Yatisi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.
Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped, and no other is genuine.
MANUFACTURED BY
THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

Miss Jessie Alexander, B.E.

Having been called to New York by professional duties, will be prepared to resume her

Elocution Classes

and private teaching in Toronto by December 1.

Concert committees desiring to engage Miss Alexander, address communications care "THE VOICE," 48 University Place, New York.

MISS BOYLAN

TEACHER OF

Piano, Guitar, Singing and Banjo

40 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

MISS RUTHVEN

Teacher of Pianoforte and Harmony

18 Wood Street, Toronto.

PERCY V. GREENWOOD

Organist All Saints' Church, Teacher of Music. Three manual organ for practise. Address 329 Sherbourne street. Telephone 1,775.

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON

ORGANIST OF ST. SIMON'S CHURCH

and Musical director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby. Piano, Organ and Harmony.

94 GLOUCESTER STREET.

Toronto Conservatory of Music

Hon. G. W. Allan, President

OVER 800 PUPILS FIRST SEASON

50 TEACHERS; Virtually all departments of Music taught from beginning to graduation, including piano, vocal art, organ, violin, 'cello, singing, harmony, etc.; also elocution. **Certificates and Diplomas.** Tuition, $5 and upwards per term. Both class and private instruction. Pupils may enter at any date and are only charged from date of entry. **VANTAGES;** Board and room provided. **FREE AD-VANTAGES;** Free choir, choral, chamber music, orchestral practice, harmony and voice instruction, lectures, concerts, recitals, etc. Calendar giving full information mailed on application.

There being private schools bearing names somewhat similar, it is particularly requested that all correspondence for the Conservatory be addressed

EDWARD FISHER, Director,
Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Ave. TORONTO.

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC

142 Carlton Street Opposite the Gardens

This is a Private School, patronized by the best families in the city. The principal teacher who has had charge of the school for the past four years is a German, educated in his native country, and has had thirty years experience as a teacher of music in the United States and Canada. By our method we make good performers, practical readers and teachers in the shortest possible time. No time required for mechanical performance of scales and finger exercises. Thorough work guaranteed from the lowest to the highest grade. Private instruction at pupil's residence if preferred. For information and new pamphlets for 1888-1889 address the Principal, C. FARRINGER, 142 Carlton Street, Toronto.

Toronto College of Music

and Orchestral and Organ School

Thorough instruction in every branch of Music, Vocal, Instrumental and Theoretical, by exceptionally well qualified teachers. Large 3-manual Pipe Organ and capacious Music Hall. Students of Orchestral Instruments have the special advantage of practical experience in an orchestra of sixty performers. Vocal Students take part in a large chorus, gaining experience in Oratorio and classical works. All courses thoroughly practical, whether for professional or amateur students. All Students participate FREE in concerts and lectures on harmony, acoustics and all other subjects necessary to a practical musical education. TERMS:—Class or private tuition, $12 to $50. F. H. Torrington, Director, 1014 Pembroke St., TORONTO

DANCING

PROF. THOMAS'

ACADEMY, 77 PETER STREET.

Prof. Thomas taught the "Court Minuet" danced at the "Art Fair." Also the "National Dances" at the Exhibition.

Pupils registering before Nov. 1st will be taught society dances in classes, as follows:

Gentlemen ..... $5 00 per term
Ladies' and Children ..... 4 00 "

The Detroit, Polka Dot Waltz and Duchess taught correctly.

PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Ontario Academy, 47 Phœbe Street

Careful tuition and training for commercial life or the various professions.

Private tuition for students in the evening. Send for prospectus. R. W. DILLON, M.A., Principal.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL

FOR JUNIOR BOYS

137 Simcoe Street, Toronto

ESTABLISHED 1866. W. MASLIN, PRINCIPAL

This well-known preparatory school is now open to receive pupils as heretofore. Send for prospectus.

MRS. HUNT'S SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES

AND KINDERGARTEN

380 Spadina Avenue

Art Classes Separate from Day School

TORONTO BUSINESS COLLEGE

Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Actual and Practical Business, Telegraphy, Penmanship, Business Arithmetic and Correspondence, Commercial Law, Instrumental Music, Drawing, Oil Painting, etc. Send for circulars

COR. YONGE AND SHUTER STS., TORONTO

WOMAN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE

TORONTO, ONT.

SIXTH SESSION OPENS OCT. 1, 1888

For annual announcement, fees or further information apply to DR. WISHART, Secretary.

BUSINESS Education is very essential to the success of every young man and young woman. Good book-keepers are constantly in demand by business men.

SHORTHAND There is no knowledge more useful than that of Shorthand and Typewriting. A new avenue for female employment that pays. Constantly growing demand for shorthand-writers.

WRITE for descriptive Circulars, containing full particulars of all branches taught and rates of tuition.

Address—CANADIAN BUSINESS UNIVERSITY
PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING, TORONTO

THOS. BENGOUGH, President. C. H. BROOKS, Sec'y & Manager.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

AT

HALF PRICE

Being the stock of a wholesale house giving up business. Violins worth $30 at $15. Concertinas, Accordions, Guitars, Strings, Zithers, Bows, &c. All at ½ price.

CLAXTON'S MUSIC STORE

197 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

(Office of Claxton's Orchestra.)

J. FRASER BRYCE

PHOTOGRAPHER

107 KING STREET WEST

PHOTOGRAPHS

Finest Cabinet Photographs $2 per Dozen.

R. LANE - 147 YONGE ST.

S. J. DIXON, PHOTOGRAPHER,

Cor. Yonge and King Streets.

FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

- PATENTS -

REYNOLDS & KELLOND

Solicitors and Experts

24 King Street East, Toronto. 156 St. James Street, Montreal, Pacific Building, Washington, D. C. Agencies in all Foreign Capitals. Trade Marks, Designs and Copyrights Registered.

JOHN P. MILL

Watchmaker and Jeweler

Watches and Wedding Rings a specialty. Special attention to all kinds of Repairing.

445½ Yonge Street, opp. College Ave., Toronto.

THE HUB CAFE

And MERCHANTS' LUNCH COUNTER.

First-class in every respect. A specialty is the choice butter and the best meats procurable. All the dell sides of the season and prompt attendance. Private dining-room up-stairs. Reading and smoking rooms attached.

12 Colborne St. W. R. BINGHAM, PROP.

- M. McCONNELL -

46 and 48 King Street East.

Commendador Port Wine in cases and bulk. Family trade a specialty. Agent for the celebrated Moet and Chandon "White Seal," George Goulet and other leading brands of Champagne. Over half a million imported cigars always in stock. Trade supplied at bottom prices.

JEWELL'S RESTAURANT

This popular restaurant, now under new proprietorship, is first-class in every respect.

10 JORDAN STREET

HENRY MORGAN - - Proprietor

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

Head Offices 22 to 28 King Street West, Toronto

Issues all approved forms of Life and Endowment Policies and Annuities.

HON. A. MACKENZIE, M.P., Pres.; HON. A. MORRIS and J. L. BLAIKIE, Vice-Presidents; WM. M. CAMP, Man'g Director.

CONFEDERATION

Life Association

15 Toronto Street

F. H. SEFTON

DENTIST

172 Yonge Street, next door to R. Simpson's Dry Goods Store

OFFICE HOURS—9 A.M. TO 9 P.M.

SPAULDING & CHEESBROUGH

DENTISTS

have removed from 51 King street east to 171 Yonge street, over the Imperial Bank; entrance on Queen east, first door. Office hours: A. H. Cheesbrough, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; A. W. Spaulding, 1 to 5 p.m., during the session of the Dental School.

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

Best teeth on Rubber, $5.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476

C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

C. V. SNELGROVE

DENTAL SURGEON

97 CARLTON ST.

Office Hours: - From 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

MR. HIPKINS

DENTIST

ROOMS, No. 1 COLLEGE AVENUE

(Over Wood's Drug Store, cor. Yonge street.)

MR. HAMILTON McCARTHY, A.R.C.A.

SCULPTOR

Has removed to commodious premises on the ground floor of New Buildings on

LOMBARD STREET

IMMEDIATELY BEHIND POSTOFFICE.

J. W. L. FORSTER,

ARTIST | PORTRAITS In Oil and Crayon

STUDIO—KING STREET EAST.

JOHN BLAND

108 YONGE STREET

Fine Merchant Tailoring

CHOICE GOODS
RIGHT PRICES
CORRECT STYLES

FRANK McLAUGHLIN

Fine Tailoring, 319 Yonge Street

PLATTS, THE TAILOR

Our new Fall Goods are complete. Overcoatings, all shades. Suitings and Pantings, the best on Yonge Street. A perfect fit guaranteed.

Platts, The Tailor

181 Yonge Street

GENTLEMEN'S FALL STYLES

J. W. Cheeseworth

The King Street Tailor

Has just opened up a magnificent assortment of New Goods for the coming season's trade. Among them will be found everything that a gentleman requires. His stock affords one of the

Largest Assortments in the Dominion

Parties desirous of getting the correct thing in dress should call and see his stock and styles at 106 King street west. Mr. Cheeseworth personally superintends the cutting department.

W. C. MURRAY

FASHIONABLE TAILOR

279 YONGE STREET

FIRST-CLASS FIT AND FINISH TO ALL OUR WORK

OUR IMPORTATIONS

FOR

FALL AND WINTER

ARE NOW READY

For Your Inspection

Henry A. Taylor

IMPORTING TAILOR

No 1 Rossin House Block

Toronto, Ont.

Four Good Songs!

BIONDINA, B flat, C and E flat. F. N. Lohr—50c.
Two Children, F, G and A. A. H. Behrend—50c.
The Quaker's Daughter, C, E flat and F. M. Watson—50c.
Watching Alone, B flat, C and D. M. Piccolomini—50c.

EDWIN ASHDOWN

89 Yonge Street, Toronto.

LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY

Examinations, Oral or Written.

MRS. MENDON, 236 McCaul Street.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

The Old and Popular Rail Route to

MONTREAL, DETROIT, CHICAGO!!

And all Principal Points in

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

It is positively the only line from Toronto running the celebrated Pullman's Palace Sleeping, Buffet and Parlor Cars, electric lighted. Speed, safety, civility.

For fares, time tables, tickets and reliable information apply at the city ticket office.

P. J. SLATTER, City Passenger Agent,
Corner King and Yonge streets and 50 York street, Toronto.
Telephone Nos. 434 and 435.

ANCHOR LINE

ATLANTIC EXPRESS SERVICE

Liverpool via Queenstown

SS. City of Rome Sails from New York September 5 and October 3.

GLASGOW SERVICE

Steamers every Saturday to Glasgow and Londonderry.

For Rates, Plans and all information, apply to

M. D. Murdoch & Co.

AGENTS, 89 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

The Cunard S.S. Line

is patronized by Toronto's

BEST SOCIETY

Noted for Safety, Elegance and Speed

A. F. WEBSTER

Sole Agent. 56 Yonge St

WHEEDLING GRAND-DAD.

Bronze Medal 1884.—GOLD MEDALIST.—Gold Medal 1885

OSTRICH FEATHER DYER

The most reliable place in the City to have Broken and Defective Feathers Re-made into Handsome Feathers, Pom-Poms, Algrettes and Mounts. Feathers Shaded or Dyed in the Latest French Styles and Colors.

J. W. A. BUTLER, 89 Bay Street (west side, near Wellington) Toronto.

MAGIC SCALE AGENCY

Cutting Taught by the Best Tailor System

MISS CHUBB, 179 KING ST. WEST

Moving to 488 1-2 Yonge St. October 1st.

SELLING OFF BUSTLES, CORSETS, ETC.

THE MISSES PLUMMER

MODISTES

Evening Dresses a Specialty. Charges Moderate

14 CHARLES STREET

DRESSMAKING

MISS KYLE, 222 Wellington St. West

Perfect fitting garments in the latest fashions our specialty. Prices moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed.

French Millinery Emporium

63 KING STREET WEST (First Floor)

After September 25 we will show to the ladies of Toronto the very latest and most attractive fall and winter importations in millinery hats, bonnets and novelties. MRS. A. BLACK (Manager), formerly No. 1 Rossin House Block.

STILL AHEAD

OF ANYTHING MADE

Men's three Soled Waterlight Boot at $2. Boys' All Leather School Boots $1. Child's Cordovan Boots (Hand-made) $1, Ladies' French Kid Button Boots $2.

J. W. McADAM

88 Queen Street West

Telephone 1156

THOMAS MOFFATT

FINE ORDERED BOOTS AND SHOES

A good fit guaranteed, prices moderate, strictly first-class

195 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

THIRD DOOR NORTH OF ALBERT HALL

Telephone 344

MARSLAND & KENNEDY

FAMILY GROCERS

WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS

285 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

Fine wines for medicinal purposes a specialty

A. B. McBRIDE

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR &c.

Room C., 16 Victoria street, Toronto.

Money to loan.

RITCHIE, BARRETT & CO.

REAL ESTATE BROKERS

15 YONGE STREET ARCADE

Several mansions and handsome residence properties for sale. Those desiring to make a home in Toronto should communicate with us. Telephone 1252.

G. A. CASE

REAL ESTATE BROKER.

25 Adelaide street East - Toronto.

Money to Loan. TELEPHONE 1482.

Walnut, Mahogany, Cherry, Birch, Flooring, Shingles, Lath, Lignumvitæ, Boxwood and Mouldings.

HILLOCK & KENT, Albert Street

Paris Barber Shop

FOR

FIRST-CLASS GENTLEMEN'S WORK

60 King Street East, J. WALTON.

SUMMER WOOD

Cut and split .25 per load. Kindling five crates $1.

R. TRUAX, 56 ADELAIDE ST. WEST

A BAD MAN'S SWEETHEART.

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "The Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "Widower Jones," etc.

CHAPTER III.

IN MOURNING BUT NOT IN DESPAIR.

"Order the carriage, Dell, and take Jack out for a drive. I shall go crazy if you two moping about another minute. Dear knows, I have enough to bear without seeing you leading him around the house and whispering and crying together as if you were the only ones who feel bad because poor John is——"

At this point Mrs. King burst into tears, as she had done half-a-dozen times since she had been conveyed to her room in a half fainting condition the day before, after she had taken the last look at her dead husband. She had scarcely left it since, and no doubt believed herself to be sorely stricken with grief, but twice when little Jack had crept into her room he found her sleeping. When she was either awake or she had not slept a wink all night and was afraid she would go mad with grief, she could not understand the queer look in her little son's eyes; probably had she been able to interpret it she might have realized as he did, that she was indulging her inclination for corset-lace and half-buttoned dressing gowns and unkempt hair rather than her sorrow.

"I am sorry, Madge, if I have been disturbing you. I was trying to amuse Jack, he is feeling so badly, poor little fellow, and insists on going from one room to another and talking about his papa and continually pointing out where he used to sit and what he said to him and how he looked—

"How can you talk to me in that thoughtless way, Dell, as if I did not feel it a thousand times worse than Jack does?" sobbed Mrs. King, burying her face in the pillows.

"Madge, dear, you are unreasonable. I had no such meaning. I know you are suffering. How could it be otherwise? But Jack is such a little fellow and appreciates his loss so keenly that it is heart-breaking to hear him talk."

"It is because you encourage him in it! What can a ten-year-old boy understand of death? You humor him and put such notions in his head that he thinks he ought to take on like a grown person. He never acts that way when he is with me."

"You do Jack an injustice," retorted Miss Browning, much more sharply than was her wont. "He is not only too young, but too sincere to be suspected of affectation. Last night I looked in his room after everyone in the house was asleep, and found he had moved his bed to the window so that he could see out. There the poor little fellow lay with his eyes wide open, looking up at the skies. I went in and sat beside him, and he held my hand till nearly daylight, when he dropped asleep. He asked me if I thought his papa could see him and know that his little Jack was thinking about him."

Tears filled the mother's eyes as she listened, but a pang of jealousy brought back her querulous mood.

"You are thoroughly spoiling him, Dell," she complained, and then as if to excuse her neglect in not seeking to comfort him she added, "Why didn't he come to me? I thought he was asleep, or I would have gone to his room myself."

"He did come to you, Madge, but he said you were asleep and he didn't like to waken you," answered Dell, who in her eager defence of Jack felt justified in permitting her friend to know how much of the sleepless-night fiction she had believed. Mrs. King's face flushed as she answered, "He must have been mistaken. I am positive I didn't close my eyes all night. Take him out for a drive, and tell the cook that Mr. Tully and Mr. Stryde will be here for dinner."

After Miss Browning had gone, Mrs. King busied herself with her toilet. She was a handsome woman of the full-blooded blonde type, and the thirty-five years through which she had idled left her almost as youthful in appearance as when, twelve years ago, she became the wife of a man nearly twice her age. She had a look of smiling innocence which increased her girlish appearance, and this with a happy knack—when she thought it worth while—of making people feel at ease, made her very popular with the younger members of the circle in which she moved. Dell Browning was only sixteen when, two years before, at the death of her father, who had been John King's bosom friend, she had come to live with her guardian, yet but few, unaware of the existence of Jack, would have guessed that there was such a difference in the ages of the two women. Miss Browning's imperturbable self-possession and quiet dignity gave her an appearance of maturity, while her slender girlish form, coupled with the nameless charm which belongs to the woman who, from childhood, has been assured that the world will welcome and give her a cordial reception, lent her an air of aristocratic hauteur, to which her companions showed unquestioning deference. Mrs. King knew herself to be morally weak, and, while recognizing Miss Browning's strength, felt irritated by the comparison. In the King household Miss Browning was the established authority on everything before she had been domiciled therein a fortnight. The cook looked to her for instructions, and the coachman often glanced at Miss Browning for a suggestion when Mrs. King was giving her orders. Jack had at once instituted an ardent friendship with the new arrival, and the head of the house, the stern, great-hearted John King, who had placed everything at the disposal of his friend's daughter, learned to talk to her of matters which he never thought of mentioning to his wife, and found in her advice and companionship a pleasure which in his home life had heretofore been denied him. Nothing could surpass Mrs. King's tact and she seemed invariably at ease; yet it was always a comforting thought for her to know what Dell Browning thought. Many a pang of jealousy had been excited by Dell's unsought supremacy, but her presence made her life considerably easier, and anything that lifted a care from her mind was welcomed by the easy-going woman who neither delighted to remain up very late at night nor to rise very early in the morning, nor to spend her waking hours in planning for the morrow. She had sometimes ventured to complain to her husband that he paid more respect to his ward than he did to his wife, but she never cared to repeat the experiment. John King had been an indulgent husband, but sometimes a very candid one.

"Mrs. Flambert, ma'am," announced the maid, as Mrs. King was putting the finishing touches to her toilet.

The greeting in the reception room was extremely effusive. Mrs. Flambert embraced Mrs. King, and Mrs. King wept; and then Mrs. Flambert took Mrs. King's hand and murmured words of comfort which were so effective that Mrs. Flambert was encouraged, whispered a few more sad but congratulatory sentences with regard to the numerous dead, funeral and the evidences of the late Mr. King's popularity, and assurances with regard to his spiritual safety.

After a few further tears on Mrs. King's part Mrs. Flambert felt justified in referring to the circumstances which should partially assuage the widow's grief: She had been left comfortably provided for, which of course made the bereavement much less terrible than if he had been left in want.

Mrs. King could not but admit the force of this statement, and later on confessed that she did not feel quite as bad in her loneliness as if she had been left with a large family on her hands. Before she left, with an arch smile full of innocently and false teeth, Mrs. Flambert had intimated that Mrs. King's life and perhaps happiness were still in the future rather than in the past.

Mrs. King had assured Mrs. Flambert that she never expected to smile again, though this forecast lost much of its meaning when Mrs. King, in an unguarded moment received with a surprised smile Mrs. Flambert's confidential communication of her friend Mrs. Holly's prediction, that the firm of King & Tully would never be dissolved.

"How could that woman say such a thing. I am old enough to be Steve Tully's mother," exclaimed Mrs. King, with an affectation of astonishment and disgust.

"Now Madge, you know better. A woman is only as old as she looks, and you don't look a day over twenty; besides, Mr. Tully must be fully as old as you are by the almanac."

Mrs. Flambert was a dark woman, tall, large, and exceedingly unconventional. Rumor whispered that she once kept a boarding house in which she had met Mr. Flambert, who had formerly driven a dray, though he is a railway contractor he had since made a large amount of money.

"I don't thank Mrs. Holly for suggesting the possibility of me marrying again," sighed Mrs. King. "I loved poor John too well ever to be untrue to his memory, and even if it were not for that, I could never think of giving Jack a step-father."

Thereupon Mrs. King's tears welled forth afresh.

Mrs. Flambert embraced her and said farewell.

Whatever was the cause, when Dell Browning and Jack returned, they found Mrs. King's tears had become showery rather than continuous, and in the fair spells she was absolutely cheerful.

CHAPTER IV.

INTRODUCES MR. JAMES J. KILLICK, BARRISTER

DELL BROWNING.

The offices were large, dingy and comfortless as well as carpetless. Partitions of pine board painted a light drab divided the rooms of Mr. Killick into the chief clerk from the apartment in which the underlings were at work at rickety and ink-stained tables. Mr. Stephen Tully, faultlessly attired and with a bouquet in his button hole, gave each one a cheerful good-morning before he knocked at the door on which was a little tin sign, "Mr. Killick, private."

The man who looked up from his work when Mr. Tully entered would have repelled the confidence of any passable judge of human nature. Physiognomists believe that when a rascal is born character on his face that no one need be misled. They could not have found a better example of, or more necessity for such precaution than in the case of Mr. James J. Killick, yet he had succeeded in ingratiating himself in the favor of moral and religious societies which, had they known his true character would have cast him out with the utmost loathing. His square forehead was supported by a large square nose, half Roman, half Jewish, with a hump on a level with the lower line of his eyes, which made him look as if, when he were put together, the piece to question which end of the nose was intended for the upper elevation. His hair, sprinkled with gray, was sandy and bristling, and his grizzled eye brows sparse and straggling. But it was in his light eyes and the large mouth with its hyena-like smile, that the danger signals were chiefly located. The warts on his nose, on the side of his face and the back of his neck, were not pretty, but they were beauty spots in comparison with his mouth. If a man who knew the a, b, c's. of character reading followed his instinct, the moment he saw the face of J. J. Killick, he would turn on his heel and leave the office, but if he remained the lawyer's instinating acquiescence, well placed compliments and thorough understanding of the questions before him, would invite confidence, and prove fatal if not admiration. James Joseph Killick was a clever man.

"Ah, Mr. Tully, delighted to see you. Hope you are feeling as well as you look, my dear fellow. Come into my private room," exclaimed Mr. Killick as he turned the key in the lock, grasped Tully's hand and led him to the large vault door, which when opened disclosed the fact that the rear wall had been cut through and the aperture led into a private apartment which had no connection with the other offices, and where the fear of eaves droppers need not disturb the most confidential interview.

The luxuriance of the private room contrasted strangely with the shabby office in which the clerks were at work. Heavy portieres hung over the door and crimson plush covered the couch and easy chairs. A cabinet and side board suggested creature comforts which the temperance reformer was generally considered to despise, and the pictures on the wall were certainly not of the class of which J. J. Killick would generally be found. A peculiar feature of the room was displayed when the curtain at the entrance was pushed back to admit them; there was no casing round the door, the brick wall apparently having been broken through and left unfinished.

Stephen Tully glanced curiously at the aperture and Mr. Killick explained:

"Looks queer, doesn't it? This room belonged to Theodore Kahn, the diamond dealer, who defrauded the banks and forged a lot of paper last year. You remember I managed the case against him, and one day he came into my office to see if he could settle with my clients, and saw the vault that we came through and guessed I kept my papers there—in fact saw me take some of them from there. Next night, he or a friend broke through the wall and abstracted every scrap of evidence I had against him, and then disappeared. No. There was nothing in the papers about it; no use, you know, telling the public everything. We took possession of his stuff, and I now use the vault over there where he was supposed to have stored his diamonds."

Stephen Tully glanced somewhat incredulously at Mr. Killick. The abandonment of the prosecution of Kahn had been much talked about, and some of the more cynical of the profession had hinted that none but J. J. Killick could explain the mystery. Tully felt certain that Kahn had had just heard was not the whole truth nor necessarily a part of it, but he made no remark. He was puzzled to know why he had been shown so much, for Killick was not given to these confidential outbursts. Nor was it probable that many people were admitted to this singular apartment.

"These are a few papers, Mr. Henn, the broker gave me the other day," continued Mr. Killick, taking a large envelope from the vault. "They show that you are indebted to him to the amount of ninety odd thousand dollars. He is willing to make a reasonable settlement, and as you are now in a much improved position I thought I would be neglecting my client's interest if I did not talk the matter over with you."

"That deal was settled six months ago," gasped Tully, his face whitening; "you know to what lengths I went to get the cash. Why is it reopened now?"

"Well, you see Henn thought he was getting all he ever would, but since King died he feels you are altogether a different shape and should settle the balance."

"But I hold his discharge of the liability," interpreted Tully, his face flushing, for at once the trap was well fixed about his neck, or Killick would not venture to confront him with the papers.

"No doubt you had a discharge, but it is not wide enough to cover everything—particularly the deals you have been in since, so he thinks he had better sue for all the amount he claims, and you can put in your receipt as a contra."

James Killick's voice was soft and his smile was never larger nor more ceriverous than then. His protuberant eyes were fastened on Tully's face as he gently smoothed out the papers with his hairy hand.

"I can see your scheme, Killick, and know I might as well leave town as stand the publicity of a suit," snapped Tully, bitterly. "A man might barter his soul himself to Satan at once rather than get into your clutches, and I tell you now that you can go ahead and go to the devil. I'm pumped dry and won't try to raise another cent."

"Don't get excited, and particularly don't become profane, for I dislike violent language, and am acting in this matter more as your friend than as Mr. Henn's legal adviser." J. J. Killick was blander than ever, and the movement of his hand in smoothing out the papers had become almost caressing.

"Don't give me any guff, Killick; it sickens me. If you have a proposal to make, make it, and let me go!"

"Stephen," said Mr. Killick reprovingly, "avoid the use of slang, it weakens your address, and, worse still, it suggests improper acquaintances. You laugh! Don't do it in that tone, it betrays your uneasiness—"

"Let up, Killick, on your lecture and on that grin of yours. If my laugh betrays my discomfiture your smile suggests a damnable desire to fasten your teeth in my neck. Go on with your proposition, but don't fancy I'm frightened of you; I'm more than half-tired of trying to be respectable, and if you push this thing I'm going to quit."

Stephen Tully was no coward, and as he spoke he rose from his chair and stretched himself with a yawn, which plainly intimated that his patience was nearly exhausted. The sideboard caught his eye, and he stooped and opened the polished door. Well filled decanters and cut glass goblets were at his hand, and with an ironically elaborate bow he filled a glass, and as he inhaled the bouquet of the brandy he expressed the opinion that brother Killick's co-workers in the temperance cause were probably never invited to this sanctum sanctorum.

"The sideboard is just as Kahn left it," answered Killick sharply.

"Make your story short, old man," cautioned Tully, smacking his lips incredulously and feeling the advantage of being Killick on the defensive, "or Kahn's brandy won't last till we're through."

"What I propose is this," said Killick, wisely deciding to get down to business before the brandy got into Tully's head—"and remember I am acting as a friend in this matter and as one who believes in your ability, and that you will have a bright future if proper restraints are thrown around you. I am willing to accept your note for twenty thousand dollars and pay that amount to Henn as a full settlement of his claim and enter into a partnership with you on even terms which will enable you to live well and return me the loan inside a couple of years. What do you say?"

"I say you are a damned old scoundrel, and decline to accept," retorted Tully, burying his hands deep in his pockets. "Now what are you going to do about it?"

"Don't be rash, Tully," argued Killick, "I can bring as much business into the partnership as you have, and quite as much ability. Why do you object?"

"Because I know that Henn will take less than half you ask for his claim which didn't cost him a cent, and because I don't propose to let you lead me around by a halter."

"Lead you around with a halter!" echoed Killick, "What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that you have some game behind this; you would not be anxious, crooked as you are, to have for a partner a man who has smuggled into the country that funds of which I had not a sinister purpose. You want me to do your dirty work, James Judas Killick, and I won't," vociferated Tully, striking the table violently. "If I have made a couple of mistakes I intend to make no more, even if I have to leave Toronto and start afresh."

"You mistake my meaning, Tully;"—interposed Killick earnestly, "that I have a purpose in wanting to go into partnership with you I do not deny, but it is not directed against or to your interests. King had some clients—rich clients whom for years I confess I have been trying to get and have been on the verge of getting; if we go into business together I feel sure they will stay with us. There are two corporations which King had, worth five thousand a year each if they were handled as I could handle them, and last of all there is an estate which, if I can get, will make more difference to us than all the rest together. I don't care if you never do a tap of work for the firm. I am willing to go halves with you for ten years if you will throw in your office business with mine. Don't be hasty, Tully, it will mean twelve or fifteen thousand a year to you and no responsibility. What say you?"

The earnestness and cold sagacity of the warty and repulsive old lawyer convinced Stephen Tully, but he did not see fit to yield at once.

"I won't shoulder any debt on the start off, so you may as well drop that out or quit the subject. Burn that batch of papers and give me a clear release as far as Henn is concerned, and I may entertain your proposition."

Without another word Killick began to write the articles of agreement, and the fragments of the papers over which Tully had hastily glanced were burning in the grate and the signature of Stephen Tully was on the indenture.

"Say nothing about this room to any one; it may be handy for you as well as me—and by the way, your offices being in the next building on the same flat, we can put in a door through, and I can keep my old quarters."

"All right, answered Tully, complacently, wiping his moustache slowly after another glass of Kahn's brandy, "fix it as you like. I guess I'll get out through the side door and not go through your office!"

"My dear fellow, no, none of my clerks are aware of the existence of this room, and they would wonder how you got out."

"Where the deuce do they think you've gone then, all this time?"

"Discipline, my boy! Discipline! Before I came in, I turned the card in the door—'Engaged'—and it would be instant dismissal if a clerk even rapped when that sign is out." Killick held the curtain in his hand, as he spoke, and the light in his eyes declared to Tully that any violation of the secret on his part would be a dangerous experiment.

"I'll keep it dark, my esteemed friend and partner, never fear, but I'd like to know how you manage to get it cleaned up? Do it yourself?"

"Yes, I do," snapped Killick. "Don't be so inquisitive."

Tully was gone, but "Engaged" was still the legend on James Joseph Killick's door. Inside the private office the lawyer sat leaning his head heavily upon his hand. "Now," he muttered, "everything is in my hand! I am near the end of the hunt and another month will tell the tale!"

The sallow skin was ashen and the hairy hands trembled as he hastily drank a glass of "Kahn's" brandy, but when he bustled out of his office there was no sign on his ugly face that he had prepared ruin and humiliation for half a score.

Oh, Thou, who keepest our eyes from tears, our souls from sorrow, our feet from falling, preserve Thou us and those dear to us from such birds of prey!

(To be Continued.)

Got His Reward.

What the actors call the "vengeance of an outraged liver" so seldom figures with dramatic promptitude a bad action, that we record a recent authentic instance of the kind with peculiar pleasure.

The other morning an innocent-looking young man came out of the North and South Wales Bank with his hands full of notes. While counting these over his attention was attracted by something passing in the street, and at the same time he dropped a £20 note directly in front of a highly respectable philanthropist who was passing.

The philanthropist promptly put his foot on the note, and stooped for a moment plunged in profound thought. Perhaps he was congratulating himself that the young man's treasure had fallen under such honest feet, and perhaps apologizing for his party's gratitude at having his money restored to him.

At all events, he was so much absorbed that when he straightened himself sufficiently to pick up the note the loser had disappeared.

"However," said the thoughtful philanthropist to himself, "he will advertise for it, and—and in that case one is sure of the reward."

The next day the usual "Lost" item appeared in the papers, with the very liberal recompense of £10 offered for the return of the balance of the note.

The finder immediately enclosed £10 to the address given, which was simply a P. O. one, and then went round telling every one how he had made £10 by doing an honest action. That is, he did until he proceeded to deposit the £20 note, and the bank clerk threw it out as a counterfeit. After that he was observed to rather avoid the subject.

The Correct Tip.

Young gent (attending his first ball, to old stager)—Whatever am I to talk about to my partner?

"About her beauty."

"But suppose she is not good-looking?"

"Then talk about the plain looks of the other ladies."

A Powerful Memory.

Actor—Well, what do you think of my performance of yesterday?

Critic—Magnificent! What I am most surprised at is your memory—precisely the same mistakes as you made ten years ago!

How To Treat a Good Customer.

Clerk—How much am I to charge Herr Spitz for the suit of clothes? Eighty marks?

Tailor—Spitz is a decent fellow; never haggles about the price, and always pays in his payments. Put him down ninety marks!

"The Sabre of My Sire!"

Some years ago the King of Servia went to Vienna and lost in play at the Noblemen's Club the sum of 200,000 francs. To raise the money he pawned his father's sabre, a splendid scimitar, set with diamonds and other precious stones, a present made by the Emperor Nicholas to his ancestor Milosch. The strangest part of the business is that the sabre has never been redeemed by King Milan, but is at the present time locked in the possession of Herr Bleichroeder, a wealthy banker in Berlin.

Makes Him Unhappy.

It makes the selfish man feel very unhappy to get on an excursion boat, and, after sitting on one seat, putting his feet on two, and his umbrella and stick on two more, to find that there are still several unoccupied chairs which he can't possibly monopolize.

Awful.

A farmer tells a blood-curdling experience. He went to get a tooth pulled out, and wandered by mistake into a lawyer's office. He says that before he got out his teeth were skinned and a mortgage put on his gums.

Touched Him on a Vital Spot.

While a judge was giving his charge to the jury in a burglary case, one of the jurymen fainted. His lordship had just said impressively, "Gentlemen of the jury, in arriving at a verdict, you must take the testimony of the witnesses for the defence into consideration, and give them full weight." At the words "and give them full weight" the juryman swooned away. He was a coal-dealer.

Settled out of Court.

"Well, how is your case going on? You told me the court had checked out of £1,000."

"Oh, we have settled the business. He has married my daughter."

Saved Rent.

"Mr. Johnson, I hear your house caught fire last week and was burned to the ground," said Tambourine.

"Yes, sir, that's a fact."

"I hope you understand that you didn't save anything?"

"Oh, yes, I did. Seven days' rent. We've been living with the neighbors for the last week."

It Was Neither.

At an old-fashioned hostelry in London two gentlemen were dining, when a dispute arose as to what a pineapple was. One of the diners insisted that it was a fruit. The other with equal confidence gave it as his opinion that a pineapple was a vegetable. A bet was made and the friends determined to accept the decision of the waiter, who was called to the table.

"John," asked one of them, "how do you describe a pineapple? Is it a fruit or is it a vegetable?"

The waiter rubbed his hands, placed his head on one side, and with a pitying smile, replied: "It's neither, gentlemen; a pineapple is a hexira!"

The Way of Writing Modern Romances.

Albert rode with the speed of an arrow to the garden, sprang like the wind from his steed, climbed like a monkey over the hedge, writhed like a snake through the palings, flew like a hawk to the arbor, crept up to her all unseen, threw himself passionately at her feet, swore frantically that he would shoot himself was, however, immediately heard, seated him self in blessed delight at her side, sank on he bosom, swam in a sea of bliss—all this was the work of a second!

True Enough.

Out of every seventeen young men in a quadrille at an evening party, who pretend to be making love to their partners, ten are remarking that the room is very warm, five are observing that the polka is the grandest invention of the age, and two are asking how the next figure commences.

Considerate.

"If you saw the man rifling your trousers," said the policeman, to whom the citizen had complained of being robbed, "why didn't you grapple with him?"

"Well, you see," said the citizen, "I was afraid of waking up my wife, an she's the greatest coward about burglars you ever saw."

Nothing Interferes With Gas Fixtures.

An official of a gas company was recently in the witness box in court in a case of slander. The slander consisted in calling a man an idiot for selling all his gas shares for fear that electricity would break up all the gas companies.

"Has electricity interfered with the value of your gas shares?" was asked.

"To a slight extent."

"If you were to lose half your patrons would your stock still pay a dividend?"

"Certainly, sir. We would simply increase the bills of the other half to make up the deficit."

Talks Like a Native.

Fond Mamma (showing the baby to visitor)—Sh-h—he's asleep. The little darling. Isn't he the sweetest you ever saw?

Visitor (in awe-struck whisper)—Decidedly. Can he talk?

Fond Mother—Talk! I should think he could talk! Why, he can say "goo" and "ga" and "yow." Picked them up himself, too.

St. Charles Restaurant

LUNCHEON AND DINING ROOMS

70 YONGE STREET

Next door to Dominion Bank.

Just opened (up stairs) the Handsomest Dining Room in the City for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor as usual.

F. MOSSOP, Proprietor.

J. YOUNG

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER

347 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 679.

CYCLORAMA

Magnificent perspective obtained by the new electric lights on the famous

BATTLE OF SEDAN

Corner Front and York Streets

Popular Prices Wednesday & Saturday Evenings

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

GEO. NOBLE, Manager.

THE CHARLES ROGERS AND SONS CO.

95 and 97 Yonge St.

The Leading House for Fine Furniture

THE

LATEST DESIGNS

IN BEST WORKMANSHIP.

LOWEST PRICE

Comparison Solicited---No Trouble to Show Goods.

THE CHARLES ROGERS & SONS CO.

95 and 97 Yonge St., Toronto.

WE ARE NOW OFFERING

OUR NEWEST LINES IN

Satchels, Purses, Dressing and Writing Cases, Etc.

And the styles far surpass anything that we have hitherto kept in stock. An early visit will ensure a view of all the different patterns.

H. E. CLARKE & Co

Trunk, Bag and Valise Makers

105 KING STREET WEST

TORONTO

Steam Laundry

106 YORK STREET

LATE

54 WELLINGTON STREET WEST

Has removed to their new premises, erected specially for the Laundry business, 106 York Street, a few doors north of King Street.

G. P. SHARPE.

A Drawn Game.

Edgar Allen Johnson was sitting, on a May afternoon, in the private room of his office in Exchange Court, in the city of Liverpool.

In the eyes of the commercial world Mr. Johnson was a rich man. In the eyes of his confidential clerk and himself his firm was on the brink of ruin. Nothing short of a miracle could save it, and Edgar knew that the days of miracles were past.

He advanced quickly towards the table and touched a small bell which stood thereon.

A clerk entered the room.

"Saunders, a hansom."

"Yes, sir;" and the door closed again.

Mr. Johnson got into his light overcoat, drew on his gloves in the calm, gentlemanly way in which he did most things, took up his hat and stick, went down stairs, and leisurely entered the hansom, which he directed to a certain house in James street.

The most prosperous firms sometimes carry on their business in the dingiest of offices, and the firm of Levi, Dorrell and Co., importers and shipowners, bore this out faithfully. It was a very prosperous firm, and had during the past year made some very lucky speculations.

Mr. Johnson having instructed the cabby to wait, threaded the tortuous maze of passages which led to the sanctuary where Levi and Co. transacted their business and made their piles of gold. He handed his card to the sunny-looking clerk, and, after a minute's delay, was shown into the room where sat the senior partner, Mr. Levi, and his colleague, Mr. Dorrell.

After a few preliminary remarks—in which as his name, calling, and place of business were chiefly concerned, Mr. Johnson did not find it necessary to employ his inventive talent—he proceeded to enter into the particulars of his projected business with Levi and Co.

"I have been in the habit of shipping cotton from Alexandria by the vessels of Johnson & Co.; but if you, gentlemen, can see your way to make me the necessary advances on cargoes, I propose transferring my business to your firm. At present I have two thousand bales of cotton ready to ship here from Alexandria, for which I want an advance of twenty thousand pounds. This will, of course, on your receipt of the usual bills of lading from Alexandria; and," with a courtly bow, "should you desire to make any inquiries regarding the standing of my firm, etc., I trust that you will find all things satisfactory."

"We know your firm well by reputation, Mr. Johnson," said Mr. Levi, "though we have not had the pleasure of knowing you personally until to-day."

"Then," said Mr. Dorrell, "after due inquiries—which in your case, Mr. Johnson, are a mere matter of form—we shall be pleased to make you the required advance on receipt of the formal bills of lading from our agents in Alexandria."

Mr. Johnson bowed gracefully, and took his departure.

That night Mr. Johnson had important business, which detained him in his private office until the small hours of the morning. He was writing, not in his usual rapid and continuous style, but laboriously and haltingly. Had you stood behind his chair for a second, you would have seen that he was carefully copying a signature, which read thus: "Abdul Pinero." He spared no pains with his work, and it was long after midnight when he leaned back in his chair and inspected the result of his labors with keen scrutiny and critical approval.

Two days later, he received a note from Messrs. Levi & Co., requesting him to call—a request with which he lost no time in complying. The interview was brief, and conceded all he wished. The firm was willing to grant him the advance he required upon the receipt of the duplicate bills of lading from Alexandria, which they now awaited.

Mr. Johnson took his leave, and repaired to his office, where he told one of his clerks, in a preoccupied tone, to address an envelope to Messrs. Levi & Co. He subsequently placed in this envelope the forged bill of lading, and sealed it up. Then he wrote a long gossipy letter to a friend in Alexandria—an easy going head in-the-clouds kind of fellow, who would suspect nothing—and in a postscript asked him, as a special favor, to post the enclosed letter to him in Alexandria on the day when the ship Estrella was cleared. Having dispatched this letter, he strolled along to Castle street, and gave orders at a certain shop why one hundred not in the habit of dealing for a small iron-bound box, to be made and sent to his rooms with as little delay as possible.

Three weeks later Mr. Johnson was again in Messrs. Levi and Co.'s office. The bills of lading had been received, and all preliminaries having been satisfactorily arranged, and the necessary documents as to interest having been duly signed, Mr. Levi drew his cheque-book towards him and signed a cheque for twenty thousand pounds.

The Estrella was signalled in due course, and Messrs. Levi and Co. despatched a clerk to the docks for the ship's papers.

The captain was on deck as the clerk—who, by the way, was named Davis—crossed the gangway.

"Good morning, Captain Marsh," he said, pleasantly.

"Good morning," returned the captain, gruffly.

"Had a fine passage?" pursued Davis.

"Middling."

"Rather a heavy cargo this time, haven't you?"

"No, lighter than usual."

"But," said Davis, with an air of surprise, "you have got two thousand bales of cotton on board, from Pinero & Co."

"Haven't a bale of cotton on board," returned the captain.

"What!" said the astonished clerk; "are you sure?"

"Sure! Of course I'm sure," answered the captain, in surly tones. "Who should know, if I don't?"

"Well, I may just go back again," said Davis.

"You'd better," observed Capt. Marsh, grimly; "you'll not find what you're looking for here."

Davis made his way back to his employers' office, and with considerable trepidation informed them of the non arrival of the expected cargo. Dorrell turned pale, and Levi became perfectly green.

A hurried telegram was despatched to the agents in Alexandria; and in the course of a few hours the answer was flashed back:

"No such consignment despatched to you. Some mistake."

In five minutes Mr. Levi was driving furiously up to Exchange Court where, it is needless to say, he did not find Mr. Johnson; nor did he find any one connected with the firm. The door leading to the offices was locked and a card neatly tacked on it, bearing the inscription:

"On the Continent for an indefinite period."

Upon reading this announcement Mr. Levi burst into the next office with such violence that the clerks jumped from their stools in dismay; but he learned, in answer to his almost inarticulate inquiries that the office of Johnson and Co. had been closed for rather more than a week.

Upon arriving in James Street, Mr Levi was in a state of amazed rage and excitement baffling description. He was a singularly choleric old gentleman, and he threw himself into his chair, flinging his hat upon the ground.

"We've been swindled!" he almost shouted, excitedly. "Swindled!"

Mr. Dorrell sat for a few minutes pale and silent; but in all firms of two or more partners there is usually one who talks, and one who acts; and in this firm Mr. Dorrell was always the one who acted.

"We had better send for Bolton," he said at last, and Bolton, the celebrated detective, was sent for.

The affair was placed entirely in his hands, and after some days' inquiry the firm of Levi and Co. found that they had been very successfully swindled, all the documents being forgeries. Mr. Levi's cheque had been cashed on the day it was received, all in Bank of England notes, none of which had been passed or changed in Liverpool. The inference was that Mr. Johnson has taken them with him to London with the intention of changing them into gold. It was for this purpose, Mr. Bolton said, that the previously mentioned iron-bound box had been ordered by the thoughtful and accomplished Mr. Johnson—twenty thousand pounds in gold being, as the detective dryly remarked, rather an awkward sum to carry about on the person. It was also discovered that Mr. Johnson had left his rooms more than a week ago at a late hour in the evening, and that a gentleman answering his description had, on that same evening, taken the night express for London.

"But how," said Mr. Dorrell, "did he get Pinero's signature to copy?"

"A simple matter," replied the detective. "He had had some small shipping transactions with Pinero and Co. before, which enabled him to possess himself of one or two of their forms of bills of lading. This plot was not hatched in a few days, believe me."

"The scoundrel!" stormed Mr. Levi, with several strong and effective adjectives. "I'll trace him. I'll hunt him down. If I spend every penny I have in the world. Find him, Bolton, and I will make your fortune."

. . . . . .

Two men were lounging, one hot August evening, on the verandah of the Fonda Alameda, at Malaga. Both were smoking, and from their conversation they were evidently recent acquaintances.

"Yes," the elder of the two men was saying, with a strong American twang, "I am travelling for pleasure. I've made a pretty fair sum in mining, and I mean to enjoy myself. I intend running pretty well over Europe during the next month. I don't take sudden fancies now, as a rule," he went on, "but I've taken a fancy to you. I like your sort. What did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say," answered the other, in clear, high-bred tones, "but my name is Frederick Steyne."

"Thank you. Mine is Kemp—Josiah Washington Kemp—at your service. Here's my card. You are an Englishman, I calculate?"

"Yes. You are an American, I presume?"

"That's so," replied the other, putting his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat. "Josiah Washington Kemp of New York city, United States. I guess you are traveling for pleasure, too, Mr. Steyne?"

"Well, no," said the person addressed, carefully selecting a fresh cigar; "I am only here on a little matter of business. A relative of mine—an uncle, in fact—died here lately, and left me a small fortune. I thought of starting a business, either here or in Seville."

"You haven't been in England lately, I suppose?" said Mr. Kemp.

"Oh, no," replied the other. "I have not seen England since I left it six years ago. I hadn't the means, even if I had wished it. Besides, I have no longer any interests there."

As he spoke he flicked the ashes from off his cigar and sighed.

"Ah!" said the American.

They talked on indifferent subjects until the clock struck eleven, then they parted for the night.

As the days went on they became fast friends apparently, and the one was rarely seen without the other.

"Look here, Steyne, my boy," said Mr. Kemp one afternoon as they sat in the shady verandah, "I have an idea!"

"Surely—for Mr. Kemp—that is nothing uncommon," observed Mr. Steyne, with a courteous smile.

"I've been thinking," went on Mr. Kemp. "You say you have never seen much of Madrid. Neither have I; and I guess it's an interesting little place. Why shouldn't we take a run up there together; not straight up, but doing all the places of interest on the way?"

"My dear, sir," said Mr. Steyne, blowing a tiny curl of smoke into the air as he spoke, "you have misunderstood me, I fear. The little sum my uncle left me, though a fortune to me, does not admit of such extravagance as you mention. Much as I should enjoy the trip—"

"Pooh!" broke in the other, brusquely, "don't let's have any nonsense. My dear Fred, I've more money than I know what to do with! Let me do the thing—I guess you'll be doing me a favor; it's flat enough traveling alone, and I tell you I don't know when I've felt so drawn to any one before."

"My dear fellow," replied Mr. Steyne, objectingly, "I—I really should enjoy it extremely, but you know—"

"Then that's settled," said the American, in brisk tones. "No, I'll take no refusal. We'll start this very day, or to-morrow. We'll have a right royal time."

Mr. Steyne made no further objections. They did start the next day, and they certainly had a royal time. They visited Malaga to Cordova, Cordova, Seville, Badajos, Ciudad-Real, and Toledo, and took countless other places en route. They visited the Alhambra by moonlight. They attended bull fights by day and masked balls by night, and they spent money like water. Finally they arrived in Madrid and took up their quarters at the Fonda de Paris, in the Puerta del Sol.

On the second day after their arrival in the Spanish capital, Mr. Kemp, who had been out for some time, entered the cool, marble-tiled apartment, where his traveling companion was stretched upon two chairs, with a cigar between his lips, and a small glass of curacoa at his elbow, and said, in accents of pleased surprise:

"Now, isn't this the most fortunate thing? I've just had this—holding out an open letter—sent on from Toledo. It's from an old friend of mine—a countryman too—he's been yachting about for the last few months, and is going to put in at Bayonne. He's very anxious I should meet him there, and take a short cruise, and when he hears that we are together he'll be just as pleased to see you; he's a regularly hospitable fellow, and very rich. Let me see now," running his eye over the letter, "we'll have just about time to get up there by the time he arrives. We'll start at once. He says he has some very pretty girls on board, too. Why, Fred, it'll be a considerable bit of fun."

"I hope you will enjoy your cruise, Kemp, my dear fellow," said Mr. Steyne, "but I'm sorry I cannot accompany you. I must really get back to Malaga this week. I was just thinking so when you came in."

"Pooh," returned the other, "a couple of weeks or so won't make much difference. Your business can stand, I guess. We'll give up our rooms to-night and start in the morning."

"No, really," persisted Mr. Steyne, "I couldn't think of intruding on your friend's little circle. It's very kind of you, Kemp, but, really, I would rather not."

"Oh, bosh! I won't take any denial," said Mr. Kemp, good humoredly. "If you were once there, I wouldn't get you away in a hurry," he went on, with a sly wink. "All the women would fall down and worship that Senor Inglies you have. You're a sad fellow among the ladies, Fred."

But Fred's mind was made up, apparently. Malaga, and not Bayonne, was his destination; and not all the American's persuasions had any effect upon his determination.

"But, hang it all, why not?" said Mr. Kemp in exasperated tones, as he sat astride on a chair, leaning his chin on the back and looking puzzled and mortified.

"Shall I tell you?" said the other, settling himself once more comfortably in his chair and leisurely lighting a fresh cigar. "I think you'll admit that my reasons are very good ones. Have a cigar?"

"No," impatiently. "Well—your reasons!"

Mr. Steyne examined the end of his cigar attentively, and then said, fixing his clear eyes on his companion:

"I am indebted to you for a very enjoyable trip—I think quite the most enjoyable trip I ever had. You have been most generous—princely, indeed. I think I may say I shall never forget you, and should we meet again—which, unhappily, is, I fear, a remote chance—I trust we may renew our—hitherto—very pleasant intercourse."

"Yes—yes, that's all very well," interrupted Mr. Kemp, with a wave of his hand. "But it's not to the point. I want to know why you won't go."

"I'm coming to that," said the other, tranquilly. "Unforseen accidents sometimes happen. Your friend's yacht, for instance, might take a run over to England—while I was on board. Now, the climate of England doesn't suit me. That is one reason. The other reason is this. I like you—nay, I am fond of you—as Mr. Kemp, the American, in Spain—but," in slow, deliberate tones, I don't think I should like you quite so well as Mr. Bolton, the detective—across the frontier!"

For fully a minute there was a dead silence, Mr. Kemp—or rather Mr. Bolton—rose from his chair and moved mechanically to the window. He felt literally stunned and speechless with rage and chagrin—added to the mortifying consciousness of being as completely done as if he had been the veriest novice in his profession.

"You look faint," observed his companion, courteously. "Pray allow me to ring for some brandy. It will be only a small item in Messrs. Levi & Co.'s already—I fear—rather heavy expenses!"

Mr. Bolton felt as if he could cheerfully have strangled the calm, polished, gentlemanly-looking villain, who leaned back in his chair with such easy, unstudied grace, and with that half-mocking smile in his deceitfully frank eyes.

"You are a scoundrel, Mr. Johnson!" he gasped, as soon as he could speak—shaken out of all his usual imperturbable self-possession.

Mr. Johnson shrugged his shoulders gently.

"Possibly," he answered, with an exasperating smile. "Had I been otherwise, I will conclude that you would not have taken quite such an interest in me. Do have a cigar; you will find them really good. No? Then have a turn outside. You look rather upset."

Mr. Bolton left Madrid within an hour, but—he did not join his friend at Bayonne. He still vows he'll get Johnson, but up to now it's "A Drawn Game."

A Light-hearted Mourner.

"Is Mr. X— at home?"

"No, sir."

"Could you tell me where he has gone?"

"Yes, he has gone his aunt is dead, and so I expect he'll either be at the funeral—or at the switchback railway!"

A Scientific Paradox.

A book on natural history has recently appeared, entitled, A Few Hours With the Insects. We can imagine, for instance, how delightful it will be to spend a minute or two in the middle of a swarm of wasps.

The New Medal.

Some engravers at Neufchatel, in Switzerland, have been indulging in a little freak with a number of French ten centime pieces. The head of Napoleon III. has been very cleverly transformed into a counterfeit presentment of a "brav' general" with the inscription, "Boulanger I., Empereur." The ground is gilt, the head silver-plated; the neck perforated with a steel-grey sword blade, and a few drops of blood recall to memory the Floquet-Boulanger duel. The medals find a ready sale in France, and a large order for them has just been received from Paris.

He Knew Women.

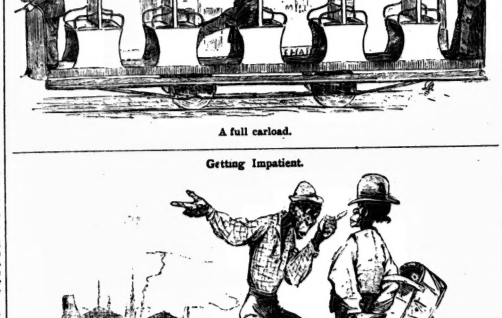
"So you're not coming to the school's picnic, Johnny," said Mr. Perkins.

"Yes, I am," said Johnny.

"Why, Johnny," exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, "your mother said in my presence you could not go."

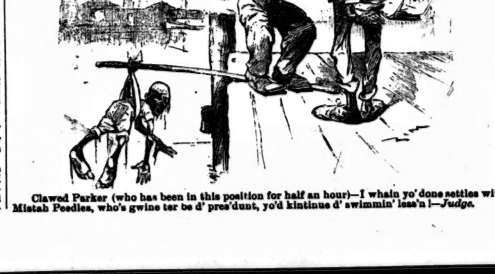
"Guess you don't know women!" said Johnny, scornfully, "wait till I've asked the fiftieth time."

A Yonge Street Paradox.



A full carload.

Getting Impatient.



Clawed Parker (who has been in this position for half an hour)—I whain yo' done settles wiv Mistah Peedles, who's gwine ter be d' pres'dunt, yo'd kintinue d' swimmin' less'n I—*Judge.*

Carpets, Curtains, Oileloths, Linoleums

No Better Assorted Stock in Toronto

We always keep up with the times and always take care to have, if not the largest, certainly as fine a selection in any line of goods we handle, as can be found in Toronto. With regard to prices you will generally find them lower than elsewhere.

CHOICE TAPESTRY CARPETS—In new designs. Tapestries of all kinds and at all prices. One line at 69c. worth 85c. One at 65c. that should be 75c. Lines at 50c, 35c. and 25c.

CHOICE BRUSSELS CARPETS—All the latest patterns. A line at 95c. worth $1.10. Brussels as low as 75c. a yard.

ART SQUARES IN NEWEST STYLES—Those handy carpets all in one piece, complete with border. Sizes from 2 1-2 yards by 3 to 3 yards by 4. Prices from $3 up.

FIGURED CANTON DRAPERY—Makes capital winter curtains. All the new patterns and designs, 40c. a yard.

CURTAINS, RICH AND NEW—The new plushette curtains, with all other leading novelties.

OILCLOTHS AND LINOLEUMS—A very large stock. Linoleums 12 feet wide at 75c. the square yard.

BLANKETS, EIDER DOWN QUILTS AND COMFORTABLES AT ALL PRICES—Complete stock at the lowest prices in town.

R. WALKER & SONS, TORONTO AND LONDON

CARPETS

CLEANED AND RENOVATED

Without Removing From the Floor

Each day is adding new testimony to the merits of the RENOVO PROCESS. Try it and be convinced, as scores have already been in the city of Toronto.

Toronto Carpet and Plush Renovating Co

389 1-2 YONGE STREET.

OVERCOATS

THE FINEST LINE IN CANADA

AT

B. SPAIN'S

TEMPLE OF FASHION

455 Queen St. West

CHERRY MANTELS,
MAHOGANY MANTELS,
WALNUT MANTELS,
OAK MANTELS.

The Best Houses in Toronto fitted up with

MILLICHAMP'S MANTELS

SHOWROOMS:

31 Adelaide Street East, City.

GOOD BOOKS for SUMMER READING

A Life Interest—By Mrs. Alexander, 30 cts.
A False Start—By Captain Hawley Smart, 30 cts.
Marvel—By the Duchess, 30 cts.
Mona's Choice—By Mrs. Alexander, 30 cts. [40 cts.
For the Other side—By the Author of Olive Varcoe,
Schweinsgoldenburg—By Florence Warden, 30 cts. [30 cts.
The Stranger from Scotland Yard—By H. F. Woods,
King or Knave?—By R. E. Francillon, 30 cts.
The Wrong Road—By Major Arthur Griffiths, 30 cts.
A Real Good Thing—By Mrs. Edward Kennard, 30 cts.
Chris—By W. E. Norris, 30 cts.
A Glorious Gallop—By Mrs. Edward Kennard, 35 cts.
The Devil's Die—By Grant Allen, 30 cts.
Old Blazer's Hero—By David Christie Murray, 30 cts.
Breezie Langton—By Capt. Hawley Smart, 30 cts.
The Heir of Linne—By Robt. Buchanan, 30 cts.

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

The Toronto News Company, Publishers' Agents

DOMINION BREWERY

ROBT. DAVIES

Brewer and Maltster,

QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO

For fine Ales and Porter, ask your Grocer and Liquor Merchant for the DOMINION BRANDS, which are

India Pale, Amber Ale, XXX Porter,

And what is popularly known as the

"WHITE LABEL."

These are brewed from the best Malt and Hops, and are not surpassed by either English or Home Ales and Porter.

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER

40,000 in Daily Use

We give purchasers privilege of returning machine, unbroken, any time within five days, and refund the full purchase price, if not absolutely satisfactory in every respect.

GEO. BENGOUGH, 36 King Street East

ALEXANDER & CABLE
LITHOGRAPHERS &c
MAIL BUILD TORONTO

SPECIALTY OF FINE WORK

IN

Invitations, Wedding and Visiting Cards

PLATE ENGRAVING AND PRINTING

Wirt Fountain Pen

The greatest invention of the age. Writes the instant it touches paper and never fails. The cheapest and best on the market.

AGENTS WANTED.

Write for circulars.

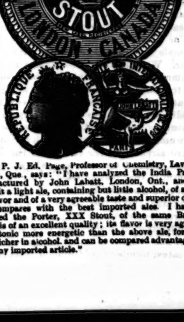
CHAS. H. BROOKS

Canadian Agent,

Public Library Building, Toronto.

JOHN LABATT, London, Ont.

JAMES GOOD & CO., SOLE AGENTS, TORONTO.



Received the highest awards for purity and excellence at Philadelphia, 1876; Canada, 1876; Australia, 1877, and Paris, 1878.

Rev. P. J. Ed. Page, Professor of Chemistry, Laval University, Que., says: "I have analyzed the India Pale Ale manufactured by John Labatt, London, Ont., and have found it a light ale, containing but little alcohol, of a delicious flavor and of a very agreeable taste and superior quality, and compares with the best imported ales. I have also analyzed the Porter, XXX Stout, of the same Brewery, which is of an excellent quality; its flavor is very agreeable it is a tonic more energetic than the above ale, for it is a little richer in alcohol, and can be compared advantageously with any imported article."

The Toronto Saturday Night

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year..... $2 00
Six Months..... 1 00
Three Months..... 50

No subscription taken for less than three months.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Limited), Proprietors

VOL. I] TORONTO, OCT. 13, 1888. [No. 46

Lucky Men.

"What a lucky man is So-and So!" and, from a casual glance, it would appear as if such were really the case. Everything to which he puts his hands turns out successfully. Other men have tried the same thing repeatedly, to all appearance with better prospects of success, yet their efforts have resulted in utter failure. But from the moment So-and-So stands at the helm the ship is headed in a straight line towards the haven of assured success. He is not a genius. There is nothing personally to distinguish him from any other commonplace individual, and yet it is a surety that whatever he undertakes is seldom doomed to failure. "Luck! pure luck," we echo glibly. Luck! indeed! Luck has not the slightest claim to be considered as a factor in his success. Success with him is merely the result of well-directed and sustained effort. He has convictions, and is prepared to stand by them. Without convictions a man is like a ship without a rudder at the mercy of wind and waves. And next to having convictions a man wants the courage to stand by them. So-and-So has both, and leavening these with tact, is successful in all his undertakings. That is all there is in it.

The Even Temperament.

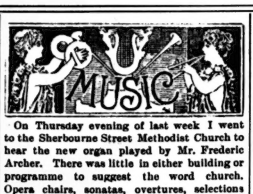
It matters little that the average possessor of an even temperament seldom or never sets the metropolitan river of England ablaze. The world can well afford to pardon such a shortcoming, as it can equally afford to dispense with most of the incendiaries of genius, and still continue to revolve on its own axis, without any perceivable difficulty. Humanity, in this age of high pressure, has especial need of people blest with an equable temperament. The thermometer of modern life oscillates too much betwixt blood and fever heat, with a decided tendency towards the latter. Therefore it is not to be wondered at that men rejoice in the existence of those whose tendency is to reduce the feverish impulse of humanity to something nearer its normal condition. There is an implied strength in the attitude of the man of calmer nerves which seldom fails to give bystanders the impression of a power in reserve. The lives of such are, as a rule, well ordered. Indecent haste seldom characterizes their movements. Nevertheless, they reach the goal aimed at sooner than more gifted but less provident competitors. Not only do these inspire us with confidence, but our esteem and regard are also theirs. As stated already, the world has little to regret that genius is seldom theirs, for the gift of genius is generally accompanied by extreme irritability. The world esteems a great intellect, or rather the evidence of such, after he who has possessed it has been gathered to his fathers. Humanity admires the work of a Carlyle, but the sons and daughters of Humanity have a consuming desire to stand before such men with a rod, when their repulsive irritability is remembered.

The councils of his country may know him; his seat in the synagogue in all probability is not a prominent one, but the world is always the better for the existence of the even-tempered one.

Women in Medicine.

One by one the barriers, which prejudice has erected during the past, are falling into desuetude. Not more than one decade ago men would have scouted the advent of women in our business offices.

The tender sex, however, is not satisfied with clerkships only. It has a natural desire to reach the higher branches of work, and in consequence of this the once sacred precincts of medicine have been invaded by the horse, foot and artillery of feminine ambition. The invaders met with a hot, or rather, a most frigid reception at the hands of the faculty. A strong opposition was made against the admission of these feminine disciples of Æsculapius, and, long after open opposition was withdrawn, covert persecution has usually been the bitter lot of the feminine candidate for a medical degree. Courage and perseverance are, however, being rewarded, and the lettered legend on the door of the medical woman is not uncommon. Why should it be? If the question of delicacy is raised, the argument is surely in favor of the women doctors; at least so far as the treatment of women is concerned. A favorite argument against women as medical practitioners is their supposed lack of nerve. Never was there a greater cry born of a smaller cause. Take an average man and an average woman, place each in a sick-room, either as patient, nurse, or adviser, and the boasted superiority of the male biped would speedily vanish into thin air. Women, are, perhaps, as a rule less self-reliant than men. But all women do not aspire to medicine. The probability is that the very nature of the profession would scare away all candidates save those who by temperament are naturally most fitted for it. Let us welcome women in this higher branch of work as we have already welcomed her in the lower one, and, depend upon it, she will not prove unfaithful to the trust reposed in her keeping. Let our *young* women have a fling at medicine by all means, and if the faculty feels restive at the entrance of such into the profession, it may console itself with the fact that for many, many years it has—beyond all other professions—had the greatest number of *old* women in its ranks.



On Thursday evening of last week I went to the Sherbourne Street Methodist Church to hear the new organ played by Mr. Frederic Archer. There was little in either building or programme to suggest the word church. Opera chairs, sonatas, overtures, selections from operas, and unstinted applause combined to give the entertainment a secular air, which was only relieved by the vocal selections and the appearance of the organ. This same appearance is very imposing, and I have no doubt quite costly, so much so that of the price, stated in the programme as being $6,000, a considerable proportion must have been spent in the case, which is very handsome. This, however, somewhat impoverished the organ, which is rather sombre in tone and wanting in solo contrasts. It may be that this feeling is heightened by the acoustics of the auditorium, which lack brightness, though materially assisting distinctness.

Mr. Archer is already well-known as an organist here, and his playing on this occasion fully sustained his high reputation. His ingenuity and taste in registration, his facile technical readiness, and his thorough comprehension of the works he performed rendered his share of the programme most delightful. He played a delightful intermezzo by Ergmann, and two little numbers by Wely, in the most brilliant and artistic manner, but I did not like either his tempo or his combinations in Sternsdale Bennett's Barcarolle; the former was too slow, and the latter lacked brightness. The organ generally does not lend itself readily to the exact reproduction of orchestra effects, and this organ perhaps somewhat less so than one would expect, hence the overtures were not as successful as might have been wished. Passages of repeated notes assigned to the violins in the original score, and usually played at a pace that taxes the technical resources of the best instrumentalists, become impossible on the organ, and many effects were lost on this account; in fact, the overtures were valuable rather as curiosities in a building designed for sacred objects than as artistic renditions.

•

The singing of the large choir was full and prompt in character, but lacked elegance of phrasing. There were no gradations of shading as there should have been, but instead was a most laudable conscientiousness as to time and tune. Mr. Warrington has splendid material in his choir, and will no doubt soon secure more artistic work with Mr. Blakeley's assistance, now that he has a proper instrument. The solos were sung by members of the choir, and were fairly rendered. A pleasing feature of the programme was the singing by Messrs. Taylor, Huestis, Warrington and Coates of Rode's quartette, Remember now thy Creator. This was excellently rendered, but badly articulated. The church was crowded to the doors, and the audience was frequent with its applause, several numbers being redemanded.

•

On Wednesday of last week, Mr. E. R. Doward gave the first of his monthly services of praise to a large congregation. Mr. Doward has a large and efficient choir on duty, the parts of which are well balanced, and which sang with a fine, clear tone and excellent shading. A fault of its singing is a lack of precision in rounding off and closing phrases. Mr. George Taylor sang Torrington's Abide With Me in splendid style, and Mr. Schuch gave an impressive rendering of Through the Darkness from Rossini's Stabat Mater. Mr. Percy V. Greenwood gave some organ solos in a most musicianly manner.

•

On Monday evening the Duff Opera Company opened at the Grand with A Trip to Africa. Splendid costumes, a good chorus, clever principals, good music—though a trifle heavy for comic opera—and fine scenery unite to make a most enjoyable performance—marred, however, by the poor attempt at orchestral accompaniment. Mr. Sheppard is a clever man and a good caterer for public amusement, but he should see that a company as good as the Duff Company had accompaniment in keeping with its excellence and its pretensions.

•

Miss Bellini as Titania was, of course, the central figure; she sings well, but has a voice rather large than sweet, Miss Rose Leighton as Buccanetta, sang so well that I wished she had more to sing. In Miss Agnes Stone, who sang the part of Tessa, I was a little disappointed—she looked so lovely and sang so constantly out of tune. Mr. Hubert Wilke, as Prince Antarcid, was more than satisfactory. A handsome presence, a striking dress and a rich voice well managed, make him one of the best men who have appeared in Toronto. The Miraditlo of Mr. Francis Gaillard had just enough of a French accent to make it piquant, an effect which was enhanced by his pleasing singing. The opera has some very fine music in it, but the interest is unevenly distributed, and some of the explanatory work is sung in trio and quartette at a rate that makes it unintelligible. It is, however, happy in having good stirring finales.

•

The Irish Protestant Benevolent Society gives its concert on Friday, November 2, and has arranged a splendid attraction. On this occasion the Boston Symphony Orchestral Club, an organization composed of first-class instrumentalists, will make its debut in Toronto, and will be assisted by Miss Elsa Clark Cushing, a soprano of high repute, Miss Emily Winant, the foremost American contralto, and Mr. D. M. Babcock, to day the best basso in America.

•

On Thursday morning Mr. Clarence V. Lucas of the staff of the Toronto College of Music, was married to Miss Clara Asher, a clever young pianiste. Madame Asher-Lucas will shortly play a concerto in New York with Mr. Van der Stucken's orchestra. METRONOME.

If comic opera is to be judged, as it usually is, from a musical standpoint it will be rightly thought there is little left for me to say on A Trip to Africa, as presented at the Grand Opera House during the week by the J. C. Duff Opera Company. I don't profess to be a dab in music and bog to hand the criticism of such to my confrere whose reflections are jotted down in the second column of this page. Whilst A Trip to Africa is lacking in that sustained hilarity which is such a marked feature in Erminie there is a goodly share of fun in the oddities of Fanfari Pasha (Mr. Harry Brown) whose amorous desire to add a forty-ninth to his list of wives immensely tickled the fancy of the audience. The Bicycle topical song, But It's Quite a Matter of Taste, caught the gods right heartily, and the occupants of the chairs, too, for that matter, and not until he had responded to three encores would the house permit him to retire. Isn't it funny how a topical song catches the crowd? It (the song, I mean) need not be clever, nor deep, in fact the simpler it is the better are its chances of being appreciated, but true it is that Irving's finest touches fail to provoke one tithe of the enthusiasm which unfailingly rewards the efforts of the successful topical songster. The whole fun of the comedy in this opera centers in the whimsicalities of the Pasha with the balance of the company nowhere.

•

Next week the boards of the Grand will be held by Miss Maude Banks and her excellent company. Miss Banks will appear as Parthenia in Ingomar, as Pauline in The Lady of Lyons, as Leah in Leah the Forsaken, as Marguerite Elmore in Love's Sacrifice, and probably as Lucretia Borgia.

•

The air was all a yell, and the stage was all a flame at the Toronto Opera House last Monday evening, when Florence J. Bindley's company opened in Dot, or the Avenger's Oath. The play is a melodrama of the old style, in which the hero and heroine are possessed of superhuman powers, shooters exploded without warning to the serious discomfort of nervous people and the climaxes are frequent and tremendous. The introduction of a pair of savage looking hounds was an exciting feature. The play is composed of the most flimsy material and is little calculated to bring out any talent that may be possessed by any of those presenting it.

•

H. R. Jacobs' Romany Rye Company will play all next week at the Toronto.

•

The engagement of Prof. Geo. W. Blish of the Blish School of Elocution, Boston, should crowd Association Hall, Monday evening, to the doors. Since the days of Vandenhoff and Belleau the citizens of Toronto have probably not had an opportunity of hearing such a talented elocutionist. He is pronounced by the press to be one of the most perfect readers in the profession. The programme will embrace selections from the best authors, and is specially calculated to display Prof. Blish's rare elocutionary powers. From the many flattering testimonials the following is selected from the Boston *Transcript*:—"Prof. Blish can, by his powers of facial expression, intonation and dialect, paint a word picture artistically and with such force as to provoke an audience to laughter one moment and in the next bring tears to their eyes."

STAGE NOTES.

In his Memories of the Last Fifty Years (the first installment of which appears in the October Scribner's) Lester Wallack says a manly and discriminating tribute to that great actress and lovely woman, Helen Faucit, who is now Lady Martin. "She was," wrote Wallack, "one of the gentlest and sweetest actresses I ever met. She gave me more encouragement than I had ever received before, and the patience with which she rehearsed was remarkable; and it was through her kindness that I made something of a hit with the audience. I shall always remember her with feelings of the greatest gratitude on that account. She was what I should call one of the most sympathetic actresses that ever walked the English stage. They say her Lady Macbeth was very impressive; I know her Portia was. She not only played the comic portions admirably, but the trial scene was equally well done; gentle and quiet, but majestic and powerful—wonderfully impressive. She was the original Clara Douglas in Bulwer's Money."

Of that wild and wayward genius and extraordinary actor, Gustavus Brooke, whose tragic death at sea is never recalled by old play-goers without emotion, Mr. Wallack says: "I first met Brooke at the theater. He and I dressed in the same room. Off the stage he had a particularly strong brogue. He was a perfectly reckless man, who did not care how his money went or what straits he might be in. He was an Irishman, one of the generous, kind-hearted, whole-souled, John Brougham Irishmen. I would often go into our dressing-room and find that certain very necessary articles of my wardrobe were missing; and one night in particular, I remember, I was playing Modus in The Hunchback, while Brooke was acting Master Walter and Miss Faucit, Julia. I went into the room and found Brooke ready to go on. I had a costume I was particularly fond of, a chocolate-colored, plain, quiet sort of dress, and I missed the tights belonging to it. Brooke asked, 'What is the matter, my dear boy?' 'I cannot dress,' I replied. 'I can't find my tights.' 'Why,' said Brooke, 'I took the liberty to take your tights myself; they're on me. I couldn't find my own.' It was characteristic of Brooke that he would have been quite as willing that I should have taken his and have gone on himself without any. He was one of those reckless, generous creatures who would give anything he had in the world to me or to anybody else he liked."

Brooke had a most wonderful voice, a voice of tremendous power and, at the same time, of great melody, and with a great deal of variety in it. On one occasion he was acting with Forrest, our American tragedian. He was then a stock actor in one of the English towns in which Forrest was starring, and when someone said to him, "Brooke, look out, here is Forrest coming; he has a voice that will drown anything that was ever heard here!" Brooke replied, "I'll show him something if he tries it with me." Forrest played Othello and Brooke Iago, and in the great scene in the third act, where Othello lays hold of Iago, Forrest put forth the whole of his terrific and tremendous force. The moment he finished Brooke came out with his speech, "Oh grace! Oh, Heaven defend me!" etc., in a manner that almost made the roof shake. It absolutely seemed as if Forrest's voice had been nothing. It astonished Forrest, and it astonished everybody else. I suppose that Brooke had the most powerful lungs, except Salvini's, that were ever given to an actor. Forrest certainly was never more surprised in the course of his professional life, for it was seldom he met with a man whose utterance could compare with his own in volume and strength.

Wit and Humor.

In order to carve out a fortune one must be sharp.

The exact quantity of the lion's share is not stated; but it is all the lion can get.

It is said that no one can arrest the flight of time, but who is there who is not able to stop a minute?

A medical journal tells people "how to catch a cold," but what they want to know is how to prevent a cold from catching them.

When consulting the mirror to ascertain if your toilet is properly made, do not be in too great a hurry. Give it time for reflection.

Very often the man who "boils with indignation" one day simmers with regret the next morning, especially if his wrath be put in cold type.

"Ma," said Bobby, "you told me to count one hundred every time I got angry. "Yes, Bobby." "Well, I've got up to sixty, an' I'm gettin' madder all the time.

Jenks—Ha, ha, ha! That's a pretty good story, isn't it, Blinks? Blinks—Very good, Jenks—I told it well, too; didn't I? Blinks—Well, I think my nurse used to tell it better.

Jones (to his wife)—Why is a husband like dough?—He was going to tell her it was because a woman needs him; but she replied: "Because he is hard to get off her hands."

Fair critic—I think that little spot there—(pointing). Artist (alarmed)—Pardon me, but you must not touch the picture! Fair critic—Oh, it doesn't matter; I have got my gloves on!

A young college debater will argue for hours that the pursuit of happiness is better than the realization, and then feel disappointed because his girl refuses for the fourth time to marry him.

He (philosophizing)—Ah! how much unnecessary discord there is in life. Don't you often think so? And yet—— Fair pianist—Thank you; yes. (Closes the piano with emphasis.)

"There is no rule without an exception, my son." "Oh, isn't there, pa? A man must always be present while he is being shaved." "My dear hadn't you better send this child to bed. He's too clever!"

Principal Deacon—Now, Brudder Johnsing, does yo' believe in open or close communyun, sah? Candidate (diplomatically, not knowing deacon's views)—Well, some likes it open an' some closed, but fo' me, I say leave it ajar.

We do not hesitate to say that 1888 is something very choice and grê for ladies who desire to mê; and, when they meet their proper fê, you bet we don't exaggerê when boldly we asseverê that not a woman will be lê in seizing on the tempting bê.

A little boy had spent his first day at school. "What did you learn?" was his auntie's question. "Didn't learn anything." "Well, what did you do?" "Didn't do anything. There was a woman wanting to know how to spell cat, and I told her."

They were talking about the rule of the road, and quoting the old doggerel thereanent, when a gentleman from Norfolk remarked that in his part of the country nobody ever passed anybody else, because everyone possessed a better horse than his neighbor.

She had only been married a few weeks, and she was telling her bosom friend how nicely her husband could write. "You should see some of his love-letters," she cooed. "Yes, I know," was the freezing reply; "I've a drawer full of them upstairs." Delaan.

At a smoking concert. Herr Professor—You haf a remargably bowerful voice, my vrent! Basso—Yes. Do you think it will fill St. James' Hall? Herr Professor—Fill St. Chanes' Hall? Ach, my vrent, it will not fill St. Caames' Hall—it vill empty it!

In Japan the people have a queer way of showing their appreciation of fine acting. They throw portions of their clothing on the stage, and after the performance redeem the articles at scaled prices, the amount going to the actor or actress who has excited their admiration.

The following incident occurred after a discussion in court between Mr. Justice Kay and a well-known Chancery barrister. Mr. Justice Kay—I can teach you law, Mr. —, but I am afraid I cannot teach you manners. The Barrister (pausing)—Er—no—my lord, I am afraid not.

"O my friends, there are some spectacles that a person never forgets!" said a lecturer, after a graphic description of a terrible accident that he had witnessed. "I'd like to know where they sell 'em,' remarked an old lady in the audience who is always mislaying her glasses.

The language of the parasol is, if you wish to indicate to another that you are indifferent, to let the handle of the machine rest on the shoulder. And if you want to hit above the head, and you say, "I dare every danger;" dropping it to the right, "I fain would lean on your arm;" shut, "I brave everything for you;" carried in the arms, "I love only thee;" held to the point, "I could beat you;" held like a cane, "I despise you;" to beat the toes with it, "I hate you."

"Ah, Miss Ella, there is a great similarity between you and the ocean." "How so, Mr. Noodle?" "When you are pleased you make me think of a placid summer sea, but when you get provoked there is a reminder of the water's pout, don't you see?" "O yes, quite like; and don't you know, Mr. Noodle, that makes me think of the similarity between you and the seabreeze." "Really? And why so, Miss Ella?" "Because sometimes it is rather free and too fresh to be pleasant."

His Realm.

Affable Clerk—Can I be mistaken? Isn't this the Mrs. Crozier whom I met so pleasantly at Fire Island, this summer?

His Customer—Why, yes; I'm Mrs. Crozier, and I remember your face; but I thought you told me you were engaged in religious pursuits?

Affable Clerk—This is the nun's-veiling department, madam.

Castle Bacchanal.

For Saturday Night.

There's a castle of ornate design,
Like a fairy one seen in a dream,
And it stands on the brink of a stream,
Like the castles that frown on the Rhine.
And although it is gorgeous by day
It is far more resplendent at night,
When it glows refulgent with light.
And its guests are as careless as gay,
And they laugh at the mortals who moan
As they revel and wassail
Day and night in the castle
Of the Baron D'Alcohologne.

To the Baron some graces belong
And they pledge him with bumper and toast,
He is such a magnificent host,
And the foremost in jest and in song.
And at midnight their voices resound
In a catch or a rondolette rare,
Both written to ridicule care,
For life is a merry-go-round
Intended for pleasures alone,
So they revel and wassail
Day and night in the castle
Of the Baron D'Alcohologne.

But alas for the Baron's renown
Some guests have long ceased to be glad,
And many look askance or sad
Whom the Baron rebukes with a frown,
For to please him each guest must incline
To the dainties his larder bestows,
And if weary he bids him repose
On the sensual bosom of wine,
'Tis the sweetest restorative known.
So they revel and wassail
Day and night in the castle
Of the Baron D'Alcohologne.

But mad from the vintage's flow,
Or faint from the pleasure that palls
Some throw themselves down from the walls
To death's turbid river below,
And the Baron conceding the right
Says he advocates freedom and ease
And his guests may depart as they please,
Such adieus are correct and polite
As the lives of great Bacchanates have shown,
Still we'll revel and wassail
Day and night in the castle
Of the Baron D'Alcohologne.

But the Baron some day must resign,
And his castle so famous and gay
Shall sink into utter decay
Like the castles that rot on the Rhine.
And when the last mummer has fled,
When the hearth is as cold as the stone,
When owls through the windows have flown,
Bats brood where the banquets were spread,
When silence and death claim their own
No more shall they wassail
Day and night in the castle
Of the Baron D'Alcohologne.

TORONTO. R. P. CROOKENDEN.

The Flight of the Crows.

For Saturday Night.

The autumn afternoon is dying o'er
The quiet western valley where I lie,
Beneath the maples on the river shore,
Where tinted leaves, blue waters, and fair sky
Environ all, and far above some birds are flying by

To seek their evening haven in the breast
And calm embrace of silence, while they sing
To Dreamo to the night, invoking rest
For busy chirping voice and tired wing—
And in the hush of sleeping trees their sleeping cradles swing.

In forest arms the night will soonest creep,
Where sombre pines a lullaby intone,
Where Nature's children curl themselves to sleep,
And all is still at last, save where alone
A band of black, belated crows arrive from lands unknown.

Strange sojourn has been theirs since waking day
Strange sights and cities in their wand'rings blend
With fields of yellow maize, and leagues away
With rivers where their sweeping waters wend
Past velvet banks to rocky shores, in canons bold to end.

O'er what vast lakes that stretch superbly dead,
'Tid lashed to life by storm clouds, have they flown;
In what wild lands, in laggard flight they led
Their aerial career unsean, unknown!
'Till now with twilight come their cries in lonely monotone.

The flapping of their pinions on the air
Dies in the hush of distance, while they light
Within the fir tops, weirdly black and bare,
That stand with giant strength and peerless height,
To shelter fairy, bird and beast throughout the closing night.

Strange black and princely pirates of the sky—
Wou'd that your wind-tossed travels I could know—
Would that my hampered soul could rise as high
To unrestricted life—where ebb and flow
Of Nature's pulse would constitute a wider life below.

Could I but live just here in Freedo n's arms,
A kingly life without a sovereign's care—
Vain dreams. Day hides with closing wings her charms,
And all is cradled in repose, save where
Yon band of black, belated crows still frets the even'ng air.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

An Unclaimed Hibernian.

For Saturday Night.

A Johnny Bull, a Scot, and a Pat
Disputing together, they journeying sat,
On various subjects the time to beguile,
Which passed away lively with laugh, joke and smile,
Discouring of monarchs whose reigns long were done,
Yet who still were famous for victories won;
Great Alfred the Saxon, brave Robert the Bruce,
And Brian the Dane Scourge, their lands did produce.
Says Paddy to Johnny—"Your favorite king
Was wiser and better than any you sing;
However, remember that Alfred your best
To Ireland came ever in lore to invest,
And copiously drinking by Brinian spring,
Proved learning to be a most excellent thing."
Says Sandy exulting—"But Bruce never went
To a hedge school in Ireland—no time there he spent;
But he sent o'er an army your Ulster to free,
Whose turbulent chieftains could never agree.
His bold brother Edward his blood shed in vain,
And fighting for Ireland in battle was slain."
A twinkle of humor from Paddy's eyes shot,
As answering quickly the patriot Scot—
"Yo ur king never sat on a turf, I suppose,
But was better at giving hard knocks to his foes.
Yet a native Hibernian we've all heard about
Puts the fame of your Robert completely to rout.
You mind when an exile from Scotland subdued,
To Erin for shelter he fled unpursued;
A lesson of patience and courage he learned,
When low in his bosom Hope's lamp feebly burned.
Despair had o'ercome him; but soon he defied her
Thro' the noble example of a famed Irish spider."

RAYS RIZBY.

There was a young lady of Rio,
Who tried to play Hummel's Grand Trio,
But her skill was so scanty
She played it *andante*,
Instead of *allegro con brio*.

***

Wedding bells! How joyously these two words sound upon the ear, and yet, there are occasions when their music is as the saddest of dirges. Such I should imagine would be the effect on those who heard the clashings which celebrated the incestuous marriage of the Princess Letitia to the Duke of Aosta. In good, sober truth it was a well-assorted mixture of youth, old age, and precious stones.

***

The wedding coronet—the gift of the bridegroom—was a sparkler. No less than fifteen hundred diamonds in it. The outside is set with silver, so as not to interfere with the pure sheen of the stones, and the interior settings are of the finest gold. Taken to pieces the coronet can be made up as a necklace, two bracelets and a smaller diadem.

***

But the pity of it. Diamonds, I know, are pretty baubles, which, viewed in the light of portable wealth, and as an advertising medium, are much esteemed by actresses and hotel men, but to such an one as the bride of Aosta, there is but scant promise of happiness in the unnatural union of uncle and niece which took place within the walls of the chapel of Saint Suaire, at Turin.

***

I am constrained to correct a mistake which is so often made by musical reporters among us. The mistake I allude to is the perseveringmanner in which well meaning admirers persist in alluding to Mrs. Agnes Thomson as Mrs. Corlett-Thomson. How the latter style of address has obtained for so long a period is one of those wonders which no fellow can find out. Perhaps it is that this charming singer established herself as a favorite amongst lovers of music before her marriage, and her numerous admirers are loth to drop the maiden name by which Mrs. Agnes Thomson was first known to them.

***

Every well regulated paper has its theory, of course, regarding the Whitechapel tragedies. If SATURDAY NIGHT has not followed suite, it is because it prefers to be the lonely exception which proves the rule. Personally, I have a theory, which I have decided to keep to myself until the murderer is caught. When that happy consummation is arrived at the readers of this column may prepare for the inevitable "I could have told you so," which I, with many others, am prepared to launch upon an unoffending public.

***

The Malay cook theory may be feasible enough, but I fail to see much force in it. The religious enthusiast who proposes to clear out a score of unfortunates before surrendering to the police, seems to have first place in the affections of the British nation. Candidly speaking the theorists are having an all-round field day, touching the individuality of the murderer. Few classes in the community have escaped suspicion. One worthy man—a doctor of course, for you cannot keep a medical man from theorising—says he shall not be surprised if a duchess, or a countess turns out to be the lucky one. Up to date the Salvationists are unconnected in the mind of the faculty with this gruesome affair, and I can only express my heartfelt thanks that no one has advanced the thought that this is only another scheme of despairing Ireland to free herself from the yoke of the hated Sassenach.

***

If there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, the space betwixt exultation and despair is only equidistant, as the backers of the steeplechaser Trustee found to their cost last Saturday afternoon at the Fall meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club. I must confess that my sympathies were entirely and only with the owner, Dr. Moorhouse, for the chestnut gelding was a beaten horse before he stumbled to his death at the last hurdle. There is some consolation in knowing that death was instantaneous for, to use the words of a well known sporting man, "'Ee never knowed wot 'appened 'im." But it is indeed grievous to think that two short seconds should bring a noble animal, instinct with beauty and strength to a broken, neglected carcase fit only to be claimed for the knacker's yard.

***

This is the century of exhumations. Schubert has only just been "taken up," and now the march of improvements in Rome necessitates the exhumation of the poet Keats, whose tomb is in a little cemetery outside the walls of Rome, beyond the Aventine Hill. An American writer expresses the hope that some admirer of genius will have the remains removed to England. Candidly speaking, I don't, as it seems to me infinitely more in keeping that the ashes of Keats should lie in some quiet resting-place within sight and sound of the Eternal City. Livingstone's body should have reposed in Africa, amidst the scenes of his life-long labors—his niche in Westminster, if you like, but his dust belongs to Africa.

***

The one exhumation and removal of the departed great which most successfully appeals to sympathy is probably that of the first Napoleon, whose resting-place on the lonely isle of the Atlantic was associated only with captivity, degradation and despair, far removed from the scenes of his former glories. Often has my heart thrilled with a sympathy which maturer years have denied, beside that tomb under the dome of the Invalides, in the bright, merry days of the Second Empire, when the old pensioner gravely smiled at my free schoolboy translation of the last request of the great Bonaparte that his ashes might rest amongst the people he had loved so well.

ST. GEORGE.

In The Pastor's Parlor.

A Chat with Rev. Mr. Stafford, of Sherbourne Street Methodist Church—His Experience with Enquirers.

Don—"Mr. Stafford, I want to know something about the inner life of a pastor, of the people he meets and the work he does apart from what the public sees in his Sunday services, which, I presume, forms but a small part of his work. Now, what questions does an enquirer after salvation usually ask?"

Rev. Mr. Stafford—"In my case the people who come to me to converse about the way of a better life are generally burdened with the idea that God sits in unapproachable splendor and something must be done in them which He only can do; that His presence is fenced about with conditions which are very hard to understand; that they cannot realize from Him the help they need till they get under those conditions. My experience amounts to about this: To get men to think of God as waiting to recognize the first desire to do right on their part, when He will receive them on that offer, and that He probably has already done for them all that He can do; that He has been doing for them right up to that point to the utmost of His power, that is, power limited by moral conditions. The desire of a man to do right, of course, means the need of more help from heaven, and my aim is to get him to think that his willingness to do what God wants him to do is an evidence that God has already been working in him, and that he has not got to wait for God to do some wonderful thing. There is a class of morbid people who come to me and think they are very great sinners, they want to go on thinking that, and they want me to argue with them and coax and coax them and tell them they are not so bad. They will try to confute my reasons urged all along, and yet I must go on coaxing and persuading them that God is willing to save them till it becomes a mere matter of flattering a morbid condition of mind. I am getting more and more to asking men to recognize that health of body has in it some elements of religion. It at least makes a morbid state of mind unlikely, and prevents people from being carried away by morbid notions. It is a part of religion to deal with humanity in every condition, sick or well, but it is not religion that is exhibited in connection with morbid notions."

"Do you find many examples of men who do not grasp the scheme of salvation at all?"

"I think that the very cases I have been trying to describe arise out of a failure to enter upon the scheme of salvation. I say to such men, God's mercy in Christ is a fact to you whether you believe it or not. It has been a fact all your life and nothing is new, no new element comes in by your repentance or faith at all, that is as far as the plan is concerned. The new element comes into you by your giving up your sins. With regard to faith, I don't know exactly what you mean by it. There is no merit in faith. Most men have an idea that their believing something about Christ has a certain merit about it, and on their doing it God will regenerate their hearts by His spirit and make them new, and that He won't do that work until they do believe in Him. Well, that is a very narrow interpretation of scripture."

"What do you think is the first cause of genuine repentance; the impulse which lead a man into a condition of receptivity?"

"I can't tell; men are so different from one another. Sometimes going into extremes of sin, into new forms of sin may cause the thought to arise. For a time he may enjoy a sin to which he has not been accustomed, but in time there comes a shock and he recoils from it. His better self, oppressed and kept down for a time, springs up into life and he sees where he is and sees that he has opened a door of evil by his own act, which he will have great difficulty to pass in future and that very thing sometimes leads a man to seek a reformation of life; calling upon God to help him get by that door. That is the case with thousands of drunkards. I don't believe there are many drunkards but have experienced genuine repentance and sorrow. A man may go home, kick his wife and children out of doors and then spend the next day in bitterness of soul. He has opened a door and cannot shut it. There is no power but God can get him past that door. The boy who has never been into that sin has no trouble. I don't know enough about the inner life of great thieves to know whether any of them—"Old Hutch" for instance—ever feel any remorse when they go into extremes; I don't think they do."

Don—"I was asked a question in conversation with a rough, generous sort of a man, and it was new to me, and I'd like to hear it answered. He said: 'The preachers always tell us that we should love Christ; that we should praise Him, and that our lives should be devoted to Him; that we should constantly think of Him and meet together on every first day of the week to commemorate His death and sacrifice. Now, I can't love Christ particularly. I don't know why I should. If I or any other man had an opportunity to save the world, or to save one or two lives, we would do it. We would expect to be thought of with gratitude if we perished in the attempt; but if we laid down a law that we were to be ever afterwards talked about and praised and sung about, and would punish everybody who didn't, why it would spoil the whole thing.'"

Rev. Mr. Stafford—"That is the conception of Christ merely as a man. He leaves out the love of God in the case entirely. He puts Christ on the level with Joe Davis—a drunken, no'er-do-well sort of fellow, who, when the saw-mill in which he worked was in flames, rushed to the rescue of a comrade, breathed the flames and died in the act of trying to save a human life. In one respect he was like Christ. But Joe Davis was only a man. There was no supreme emptying out in that at all; it may have been the inspiration of a moment. Christ was God, and there we rise up into heights we cannot comprehend. 'God was manifest in the flesh' and that God has set his heart upon me and has provided a means whereby my bondage to sin may be broken and I can have strength to rise above myself. Why it fills me with an overmastering sense of gratitude that God should have done so much for me. I see my weakness, I see I am broken, I can't do anything, my impulses were good but they did not last longer than the morning dew. I cannot brace myself and stand firmly in the path of that which is good but in some way God comes to me and in Christ He gives me hold upon the infinite power whereby I do overcome and am able to pass the open doors of temptation that call me aside and I know there is more in it than a great man's sacrifice. And yet a man may make sacrifices for me, risk his life and lose it and be the subject of pathetic stories, and I would agree with anyone who would say if He, for His coming into the world and going about suffering and doing good until the world's sin could be washed away through Him, had made it the condition that He should be eternally praised for it He would be contemptible if He were only a man. But, further, I don't say that God makes it a condition that we shall eternally praise Him. The church talks about glorifying God and to "glorify God and enjoy Him forever" is said to be the "chief end of man," but we don't rightly conceive what it is to glorify God. Those expressions in the Psalms and in the writings of Paul are not made from God's side; they are made from man's side. Now, glorifying God is not that He is sitting there in ineffable splendor, and that He commands me to come up and with timbrel and harp join in constant songs of praise. Let me try to comprehend God in His greatness and goodness without opening my mouth in praise, and I can't do it. Let me come with any right feelings of reverence, realizing a sense of the love that He has set upon me, in that through the wonderful atonement of Christ, in some way which I cannot comprehend, He has made it possible for me to be saved, that there is life for me, and that I may attain to the highest type of manliness and goodliness—let me realize that if I can without praising God. It is not God that demands that I praise Him. My nature is such that I give Him glory and praise; it is a necessity of my nature. And so what evangelists constantly call a condition of salvation, faith, faith in Jesus, believing Him, is not a condition appointed by God; it is required by our very natures. We cannot conform to a good life without believing in Jesus, that is to say on the Christian plan. I don't mean to say no infidel ever has a good thought. I am more and more convinced that all our efforts to lead men to understand what believing is, are just as unwise as teaching a child ten months old the philosophy of walking. He would never walk in the world if he never walked until he understood what walking was, and a man would never be saved if he didn't believe in Jesus without knowing that he was doing it or without understanding how he did it. There is hardly anyone who doesn't believe now in the sense what the Philippian jailer did. Those who are brought up with religious surroundings do not know anything about the attitude of mind of a heathen. We believe in His goodness, in the atonement, and all that the jailer believed in after Paul said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." But there comes in when we commit our lives to Him a sense of trust never felt before, and instead of saying, 'We believe in Him,' we should say, 'We trust in Him.'

"Now as to an illustration of your general subject. A man came to me once to say that he intended to be a Christian, to join the church, but he must have his glass of beer every day, and he wished me to understand and consent to the fact. I said to him, 'I have never yet taken it upon me to dispense with duties or obligations, but the fact that you want to make it a condition of salvation seems to indicate to me that there is something wrong in your having a glass of beer in connection with the Christian life. If your own conscience feels there is something wrong in it I don't believe you can be a Christian without giving it up entirely.' Now, if he had never said a word to me about it and had taken membership, and a year afterwards I had heard that he took a glass of beer every day, I don't know that I would have thought anything about it, simply because the Bible has never made it a sin to drink a glass of beer—or strychnine, for that matter—if a man can stand it. If a man goes away from his own inward conviction of what is right he is losing himself. My own conviction of right must rule me until I by study or reading discover it to be wrong; but till then I must follow it—there is no escape.

"Here is another illustration. A man came to me late on Saturday night to talk as to the advisability of him as a church member, speculating on the wheat market in Chicago. He gave me his varied experience with the 'ticker,' and how far it had led him down. He had operated there with varied success, and now it had become a matter of conscience whether he should continue it or not. I told him the fact of his coming to me was the very best possible reason why he should never again operate in the wheat market, but if he had gone on making and losing without the thought of there being any impropriety in it, or wanting a pastor's indulgence for it, it would have been a different thing. But when his conscience became awakened I advised him to reform, and he promised me he would let the ticker alone for ever. This is an illustration of a man wanting to bargain with God and have some human priesthood put away a part of the duty which inward conviction prescribes.

"The number of those who believe that no man can do business in the world and yet live up to the principle of the Bible is very numerous. I think they unite a weak conscience with a good many perversions as to what the Bible teaches. I have found in hunting them from their corners that they don't quote the precepts of the Bible correctly and have very little sense of their connection, and they have probably a pretty low moral sense and a pretty high sense of the value of money. They are persuaded that a man should make all the money that he possibly can make, no matter what else he gains or loses. I have no answer for the man who does not understand that money making is not the chief end of his existence."

"What is the result in the mind of the inquirer, does he go away sorrowful?"

"Yes, he goes away and makes money."

"Do you find many professing Christians have a feeling that they are using dishonest means to get money?

"I find that in many professing Christians, but I will say it, though there is an idea in the world to the contrary, that there are a great many who do not give their worldly prosperity the first place of all. One man told me that he was offered a thousand dollars for his vote in some legislative body in reference to a railway question. At that moment his business embarrassments were great and a thousand dollars would have relieved him more than five thousand would have done for him at any other time. Another man told me that he watched him when the vote was taken. He turned pale and then red and pale again but voted according to his conscience, not as the thousand dollars wanted him to. That is only one case. I believe there are a great many men in the world—and they may not all be in the church—who set their manhood and that sanctuary of manhood which we call the inmost conviction of right—I'd rather use that than the word conscience, which doesn't mean the same thing to two different people—above everything else and let money go."

"Do you find the majority of inquirers who come to you are impelled by love to God or fear of hell?"

"I don't think a great many persons change their life from evil to good through an awakening love of God; they don't know what it is Love to God is a difficult thing to understand till a person has it."

"Then it is fear mostly—of themselves or some future state?"

"I don't know that I would say that. In the present state of society in Christian countries, there are people, especially children, who are animated by a fear of hell, but I am inclined to think Christian education has so far permeated families and the masses, that nearly everybody recognizes it as the right thing to be a Christian. There is no social loss in being a Christian now. There is no disaster threatening a man's business, and it certainly adds to his influence, social standing and to his friends. I think there is an increase in respectability in a man becoming a Christian. And I am inclined to think that these, in the case of adults, may be the moving causes."

"Those are, one might say, selfish reasons."

"Well, hardly that. They feel that the best type of character is developed in the Christian man. Christianity is not confined to the church, it is like sunlight, it flows over everything. You cannot define it. There is no clear line where Christianity ends and worldliness begins. A good many Methodists would draw the line around the class-meeting and some Baptists would place it at the baptistry, but no intelligent Methodist or Baptist would do so."

"Then the lines that are drawn are largely from a rhetorical necessity; that is, that the impression cannot be conveyed to an audience except by drawing a line which is imaginary rather than real."

"I don't think your language expresses my meaning. The line is real, is actual between the church and the world, but in the state of education in the world those in the church and those out of it differ so little that we cannot discern it. We cannot say because a man is out of the church that necessarily he is out of the favor of God, and that because a man is in the church he is necessarily a new man. I think there are a great many good men out of the church, and their fault is in imagining that their piety is entirely independent of the church, whereas it is simply the running over of the influence of Christian example and teaching. Suppose you and I live neighbors for years, you a Christian minister and I an infidel. Our families necessarily affect each other. My children partake of the Christian education yours have got and the influence, you as a minister, impart to the community, and the first thing I know one of them will go over and join the church, and on the other hand one of yours may come over to my line. In God's sight there is a definite line of distinction."

"You don't understand that at the judgment day any line that we can understand or draw will be drawn then?"

"I think the line is simply the essential difference between truth and falsehood, right and wrong. That line is a fact now, and there will be no other line on the day of judgment. The righteous will be on the right hand and the wicked on the left."

"It is a line of fact, rather than doctrine?"

"Yes. It is not an arbitrary decision of God at all. It is the difference between truth and falsehood which have always been at variance and always will be. I believe God's whole government is adapted to the necessity of our natures and His conditions, faith, glorifying Him, etc., are simply the necessities of our natures, and as in the case of P. C. 104 a man must keep on the right side of purity and truth for its own sake and not to simply cover up his own mistakes. Shouting 'Move on' to some sporting preacher is not going to make him all right. There is an illustration of the whole thing; a man must be right in himself."

"Do you have many appeals to you as a priest, as it were; from people who are dying and feel the necessity of making a settlement with the minister before they go?"

"I have seen some painfully cowardly things in my life. I may say that where the education of families has been pedo baptist they desire their children to be baptized. If a child a week or ten days old is likely to die they want it to be baptized. That might seem to be in the nature of trying to interpose a priestly function, but as a matter of fact not one of them will tell you they think baptism will save the child. The desire is, I think, born of affection, of a burning thought of 'what more can we do,' the doctor cannot do anything; we can ask the minister to come in and baptize the child. It gratifies their affection.

"It is quite a common experience to have a man who has lived a selfish life, when he becomes ill and the doctor conveys to him the idea that he must die, send for the preacher to pray him into Heaven, and I always feel in such times that the case has gone to the jury, that it is too late for me to do anything for the man. I of course tell him to look to Christ, tell him to think of the Saviour, but I do it invariably with the feeling that the Judge has committed the case to the jury. I think that man has had the chance of thirty or forty years, and has wilfully neglected it, and now he is acting the coward's part, and is wanting all the advantages of insurance without ever having paid any premiums. Perhaps if the doctor could say to him that the symptoms had so changed that he was going to get better, he might do as a certain man did whom I once went to see, walking four miles through a November rain. I had received a most appealing message to come and see him. When I got there a change had come in his disease and the doctor had told him he was going to get well. He had so far recovered from his fright that he did not want me to read any passages of scripture or pray with him or do anything for him. I suppose he was the meanest specimen of humanity I ever met in my life. I don't know what God would do with him if he ever got him to heaven. And yet he had sent me in the morning a tearful message begging me to come and help him."

DON.

Under the Syrian Stars.

Dear Bethlehem, the proud repose
Of conscious worthiness is thine.
Rest on. The Arab comes and goes,
But furthest Saxon holds thy shrine
More sacred in his stouter Christian hold
Than England's heaped up iron house of gold.

The stony hill is Heaven's stair;
Thine every stone some storied gem.
Oh, thou art fair, and very fair,
Thou holy, holy Bethlehem!
The very dust more dear than dust of gold
Against my glorious sunset-waters rolled.

And here did glean the lowly Ruth!
Here strode her grandson, fierce and fair,
Strode forth in all his kingly youth
And tore the ravening she-bear!
Here Rachel sleeps; here David, thirsting, cried
For just one drop from yonder trickling tide.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

'Varsity Chat.

Sir Daniel (I had almost said Dr. Dan) appeared at the Agricultural Convocation last week, wearing his imperial honors. Unfortunately the lung power available was not equal to the occasion; we have his reception in for him.

*

By the way, perhaps Sir Daniel did well to accept. We are not yet a county of the United States—attached by a tow-line—but a part of the British Empire and as long as we continue so let us not be ashamed of our poor relations across the sea. Every alderman is not made a knight, and if any man thinks knighthood to be of no account and conferred for nothing in particular, suppose he put his trust in his equality and make application. Perhaps he'll get it.

*

Freshmen are content to style themselves J. E. and J. L., but with sophomores it is not so. With a courage born of security these embryonic aristocrats bloom out as J. Edmund and J. Lyndon. First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. The circumstance is unimportant in itself to be sure, but still suggestive.

*

A tendency which shows itself in those so immature must be there by nature and if so it would almost appear that Providence had neglected to consult the stump orators of century nineteen or Messrs. Libertas, True Worth, etc., concerning man's make-up.

*

The corridors resound with their wonted tramp. A knot here discusses everything in particular, another there nothing in general, while now and then, like the breeze of Heaven, trips by a sweet girl—freshie. Most of the boys are back; a few familiar faces are missing.

*

Kenneth McIlwraith is in Scotland.

*

Mr. Hough, B. A., is said to be studying law somewhere in town.

*

Mr. S. B. Leacock, '90, will attend Strathroy training school till Christmas.

*

Mr. E. C. Senkler, B.A., has entered as student the legal firm of Fraser & Reynolds, Brockville. Few men leave college with more well-wishers.

*

Prof. Ashley was greeted by a large class at his first lecture on Monday. He evidently purposes making things hum in political science. At any rate, his truly student enthusiasm will make itself felt.

NEMO.

An Involuntary Acquaintance.

This shows Mr. Daintry, one of the four hundred, on his way back from Newport. He had unguardedly asked his seat-mate the name of a wayside station, and the sketch shows the party as the train rolls into New York three hours after.—*Judge.*

A Valuable Tree.

Tourist—I should think you would have that tree cut down. It's location in the middle of the street is an extremely awkward one.

Mayor of New Chicago, Kansas—Cut down! Wal, you must be mighty fond uv exercise, stranger. Why, the nearest tree is seven miles away.

Tourist—What of that!

Mayor—What uv it, stranger! It's no picnic, ever time you want to hang a feller, to hafter drag him all that distance, specially if he sorter hangs back. Thar the tree stands, an' when it gits too big for th street, w'y, we'll move the buildings back!

FIRST OF OUR "FAMILY HERALD" STORIES.

MISSING.

By the Author of "A Bitter Reckoning," "By Crooked Path," Etc.

All rights reserved.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was the afternoon before Molly's wedding-day. All the arrangements were completed, and there was nothing left to fill up the last few hours of her freedom, no occupation to divert her thoughts from the solemnity of the undertaking before her—the binding of herself to a man who had no confidence in her, and whom she in turn mistrusted. She sat by the window in her own room, with her back turned to a row of neat trunks, and watched the sun setting in a haze of stormy crimson, thinking with an apathetic resignation that before he set again she would be the wife of Brande Tennant, and that they would be many miles on their journey South.

They were going to Paris for the conventional wedding-trip. This route had been of Brande's choosing, and Molly had assented, thinking that in their present state of embarrassment a continual round of sight-seeing and travel would be more endurable during their term of enforced idleness than the *solitude a deux* which would have been her choice in happier circumstances. She the girl sat there, watching the crimson light stealing over the last scene of her girlhood, wondering, with a hopeless feeling of pain as her heart, if the angry threatening glare was an omen that she was to carry with her into her married life as large a share of sorrow and trouble as she had borne since her father's death? Her heart, eight long years before, the virtual guardian and caretaker of her lovable but weak-minded mother and her brood of wild, undisciplined brothers and sisters. Poor, brave, resolute Molly Griffiths was beginning to think that sorrow and trouble had been set down in the book of fate as her lifelong portion, and that nothing that she or any one else could do would remove the burden from her strong, unyielding shoulders. No trouble should crush her so long as Heaven gave her strength to bear it; but yet she knew that this last evil that had fallen upon her, this barrier between Brande and herself, had to some extent broken down her spirit and dispelled her gladness of heart. She was as willing to talk cheerfully and to smile when called upon as she had ever been, but her gaiety of spirit was not so genuine as of old, her mirth not quite so sincere. While she sat thinking these thoughts to the twittering accompaniment of the thrushes and linnets in the garden below, with a yearning sadness in her eyes as she watched the sun disappear behind the sharp edge of Brynthen, her lover and her uncle were discussing certain family matters for the last time in the study down-stairs.

"I have not executed any deeds with regard to your occupation of Bryn-mawr, Brande," said Mr. Tennant, "because I know we are all so thoroughly at one on the matter. But I may as well tell you that after your return I shall look upon myself only as a visitor in the house. I have arranged with Mrs. Griffiths to have rooms always kept ready for me at Penllywydd. I am having a bathroom built there now and a couple of stalls arranged for Bonnie and Jupiter; so that, if you feel me the least bit in the way at any time, I shall only have to put up a few books and some clean things and drive over to my other home for a month or two."

Brande clasped his uncle's hand as it lay on the table between them, and there was a suspicion of moisture about his eyes as he spoke which showed that his heart was a good deal touched by the generous speech.

"Such an arrangement as that is only what, judging from your conduct to me all through, I might have expected you to make. It is just the finishing touch to the unselfishness and consideration you have shown to me as long as I can remember, looking back for more than twenty years. But you can't seriously think that Molly or I would ever allow you to carry it out. Why, Bryn-mawr wouldn't be Bryn mawr, nor home, without your face at the table; so please don't say anything more about it."

"My boy," urged Mr. Tennant tremulously, "all that is very well; but I can't expect that you should miss my face much under the new aspect of affairs. Molly will more than compensate for my occasional absences."

Brande's face colored at the mention of Molly's name.

"Nothing would compensate for it," he said shortly. "Make the Penllywydd arrangements if you will feel more comfortable; but I know beforehand that you possess a harbor of refuge in the event of storms; but I hope you will never have occasion to make use of it."

"Just so; that was my idea—a harbor of refuge. And now there is another little discussion I have to make, Brande. I have to initiate you into the mystery of the Bryn-mawr cabinet. I ought to have done it weeks and weeks ago. Not that it really matters much; but it has always been a tradition in the family that the secret should be shared by two people, and I have a prejudice in favor of keeping up old traditions. So, as we have a spare quarter of an hour before we go in to tea with Molly, we may as well get the business over at once. I expect we shall get some fearful dust in the place has not been opened for more than a year. I should not like you to go away, Brande, without knowing all about this cranny in your house, for we never know what the day may bring forth, and all sorts of things may happen before your return. Not that I feel a forewarning, you know," he added jocularly, as he rose to lead the way, "but accidents do occur sometimes."

Mr. Tennant was happier at heart than he had been for some time, for his dearest wish was about to be fulfilled, in spite of Queen Eleanor's prophecy. These young people were to become man and wife after all, though their courtship had been threatened by more dangers than usually fall to the lot of betrothed lovers. He walked across the hall and up the shallow oaken stairs with a gayer and more springy step than had been usual with him lately, and Brande, following him, was glad enough to see it. It was a satisfaction to feel that his marriage was doing some good somewhere, although he knew it was not quite the best arrangement in the world for his happiness. In spite of his love for his cousin, he could not be blind to the fact of her continued distaste for his society—a distaste which from its very passiveness seemed the more likely to be permanent. Oddly enough, as Molly's manner had grown cool to him, the warmth of his feeling for her, only temporarily kept in check while he had felt almost certain of her guilt, returned in full force, and he now found himself in the position of one who looks at and longs to gather a luscious fruit, but tears the thorns by which it is surrounded. He would have spoken to Molly of their old love for each other, and have gently won her confidence again, but her cold self-possession checked any show of feeling on his part.

In view of this unsatisfactory state of things, he got all the pleasure he could out of Mr. Tennant's delight at the marriage, and said to himself, as he followed his uncle into the south corridor, that no great harm could come of an arrangement which made the happiness of such a good man as Griffiths Tennant.

They paused when they reached the last door in the corridor—the door of Mr. Tennant's dressing-room.

"You remember the story I told you some time ago, Brande, about the Tennant who made up his mind to sell the pearls which we have lost? Well, this was the spot his wife had dragged him to when the servants came in answer to her cries. Isn't it an extraordinary thing that the poor soul should have had the presence of mind, in the midst of all her horror, to shut the door leading to the secret staircase before she roused the house! It shows how strongly the necessity for keeping the secret was impressed upon the Tennants in those days."

"Let me see," observed Brande thoughtfully, as he recalled the story which he had almost forgotten—"he fell down the staircase and broke his neck, didn't he?"

"Yes; I dare say if the whole truth were known he had taken more wine than he could carry steadily—drank too much in those days. Yet he could not have been absolutely drunk either, for he had the sense to take off his boots before starting, to avoid making any one up. They say that the print of his naked feet on the dusty stair showed just how high he had mounted when he missed his footing and fell. There used to be a senseless old legend in the family to the effect that when any good fortune was in store for us his naked foot-prints could be seen on the secret stairs again—a sign that the enemies of the house would come to grief, I suppose. And now for the entrance to this cave of mystery."

They went along to the end wall of the corridor, where, on each side of the long narrow window, was a space rather more than a yard wide of black oak panelling, of a piece with all the rest of the walls at that end of the house. The ornamentation of these panels was somewhat crude and monumental—only of a bunch of flowers in bas relief in the middle of each space. In the centre of the bunch of flowers in the panel to the left of the window, well hidden in between two raised leaves of the carving, and so small as to appear nothing more than a blemish, was a slit something like that in the top of a child's money-box.

Requesting Brande's particular attention, Mr. Tennant inserted a flat brass slide into this slit, and pushed it down the length of the passage, turned it round, the whole bunch of flowers turning with it. As soon as he had loosened the ornament, he took out the brass slide and turned the piece of carved wood. After about three turns it came off bodily, and showed a hole about five inches square in the panel underneath. He put his hand through this hole, and Brande heard the sound of a good-sized bolt being slipped back. Then his uncle pulled, the panel opened like a door, and in the recess the young man saw the first two or three of a flight of stone steps leading in a direction away from the window.

"Do you understand the performance so far, Brande?" inquired Mr. Tennant, turning to his nephew.

"Quite, sir."

"Then we will go on to the second act," said the master of Bryn-mawr, preparing to mount the steps; but, before he had set his foot down on the first, he drew back with a quick gesture of repugnance and surprise. "Brande," he whispered furriedly, "come and look here!"

Brande did as he was bid. Following the direction of his uncle's glance he looked down, and in the dust on the first step he saw what looked like the dim outline of a man's naked foot. They looked at the step without speaking. The mark was repeated twice—once with the broad end of the foot facing towards the next step upwards, once with it set towards them, as if someone had gone up and come down again. They looked from step to step, as high as they could see from where they stood, and each step bore the impress alternately of a right and left naked foot.

The marks were not very distinct, for fresh dust had accumulated since they were made; but indistinct as they were in outline there was no doubt as to their existence.

The two men looked at each other in bewilderment.

"What do they look like, Brande?"

"Like naked foot-prints, sir."

"Like—like—after what I was saying to you just now?"

"Very odd."

They both felt that it was very odd and incomprehensible. The warm crimson glow of the sunset, which poor Molly was watching with such heavy misgivings, from the western front of the house was lighting up the whole sky, and gave them enough light to see the dust-covered foot-prints quite plainly; but Griffiths Tennant determined to "make assurance doubly sure."

"It's an outrage against tradition to have the foot-prints both ways," he said. "Our gentleman-thief walked up the stairs, but came down on his head."

"His ghost is evidently wiser," observed Brande.

But though they thus joked about the foot-prints, they could not account for them in the least. For the past twenty years old William Evans had been the only man beside Mr. Tennant who had known of the existence of this staircase, and, even supposing these marks to have been made before the old man's death—the new coating of dust upon them was almost thick enough to warrant the belief—why in the name of common sense should he have gone up the staircase with naked feet, or why indeed have gone up at all, unknown to his master? Mr. Tennant's curiosity was aroused, and he determined to solve the mystery.

"Fetch my little safety-lamp out of my dressing-room, Brande," he said; "we will see if these ghostly steps go any farther than the turn in the staircase where the ancient robber fell."

He pushed the panel back in its place while he waited, though none of the servants were likely to pass that way so late in the day. He heard Brande strike a match inside his dressing-room, and then the young man came out into the corridor with the lighted lamp in his hand.

"Now," said Griffiths Tennant, half playfully and half in earnest, "the person who first passes over those steps after the ghost has set his mark on them is the one to whom good fortune comes, so you shall lead the way, Brande, with the lamp."

"You forget I don't know the way, sir," returned Brande. "You must go first; so, if luck is to come to any one, it must be to you."

"What two children we are!" said Mr. Tennant, in a tone of good-natured contempt. "Give me the lamp, my boy. Whatever is for my good must be for yours too, so come along and follow me. Pull the panel close and bolt it behind you."

They disappeared through the opening in the wall, and next moment there were no signs in the corridor of their mode of exit.

CHAPTER XVII.

AND LAST.

Mr. Tennant mounted the steps slowly, counting as he went, until he had reached the thirteenth. Then he spoke over his shoulder to his nephew.

"This is not quite as it should be. Tradition is outrageously inconsistent. There should be higher than the thirteenth step. You see the stair takes a sharp turn here; the next ten stairs are constructed in the division wall between the back rooms and the corridor on the second floor, and it was at this point the man slipped and fell. Now these foot-prints apparently go on to the top."

So they did, to the very top stair.

"I wonder if we shall find them inside too!" said Mr. Tennant, as he unfastened the oaken bar across the low door at the top and passed through, holding the lamp low down to look at the floor before their entrance disturbed the thick layer of fine feathery dust that covered everything.

Brande followed his uncle, and then looked round him curiously. It was in a room about seven feet square, the ceiling of which was only about three inches higher than his head. One corner of the apartment was cut off by what appeared to be a solid slanting wall. There was a rough oaken table and one high-backed chair set up against this wall. They were rough-looking articles of furniture which fact was afterwards explained to Brande as the result of their having to be finished in the room itself, the staircase being too narrow to admit of their passage when complete.

"Very odd," said Mr. Tennant, still intent upon the foot-prints—"they lead right across the room to the cupboard! You are looking at the place, Brande; funny little cranny, isn't it? This piece cut off the corner is where the main chimney of the south block of chimneys passes up, so that is why it strikes comfortably warm. It is always well aired and ready for occupation, bar the dust, which finds its way in everywhere. I have heard that we hid a refugee of some note up here during the war between Charles and his Parliament, but I can't vouch for the truth of it. I've been told the man was blindfolded when he was brought up and taken down, because he should not be able to betray the secret of the entrance to any one. Come, come, to see when you're once here, is there? I should like to solve the riddle of those foot-prints before I go down, though," he added, again taking the lamp from the table and following the marks back to the cupboard. "Seems as if the person came here, and then went straight back again."

He pulled the cupboard door open as he spoke; and then suddenly Brande heard such a cry of mingled delight and surprise from his uncle's lips that he strode across to his side and took the lamp from his shaking hand. Turning his eyes to where his almost paralyzed companion was looking, he saw on the edge of the cupboard shelf what looked like a round flat case. The color he could not distinguish for the covering of dust, but such much of the shape of the case were the same as those of the one he had put the Bryn-mawr pearls in on that night in last November!

He turned his eyes inquiringly to his uncle's pale quivering face.

"Look!" gasped Mr. Tennant, for the shock was almost too much for him.

Brande stooped and blew the top coating of dust off the case, thereby creating a blinding cloud that filled the whole cupboard. Then, lifting up the case, he saw the Bryn-mawr crest on the cover. He opened it, and there they lay, the three great pear-shaped pearls, shining as brightly as they had shone any time since they had been purchased for Queen Nell in Palestine, before she was Queen Nell at all.

Molly was still sitting at her window. All the crimson had faded from the sky now, and a soft bank of feathery gray clouds was slowly spreading over the western horizon. But though the change made all creation look sad and hopeless, and though she felt its depressing influence creeping into her heart, she sat there and let the sweet hour of the June twilight, from sheer lack of energy to throw it off. It was a rare thing for Molly Griffiths to give way to morbid nonsense of this sort, but, when she did have an attack of low spirits, she suffered intensely.

So she sat there now, like one in durance vile, her face moulded chin resting upon her hand on the window-sill, her delicate brows drawn together in a slight frown that betrayed mental pain, her mouth drooping pathetically, and her eyes fixed with a sorrowful yearning look upon the darkening landscape before her.

While she sat thus, looking beautiful in her sad reverie, a faint distant sound fell upon her ear.

It was her own name being called—"Molly!"—in Brande's full baritone voice; and yet, as she listened, a swift look of anticipation flashed up her eyes, which were so sorrowful but a moment before.

There was a ring in her lover's voice as he repeated the word "Molly!" which she had not heard from Brande for many weary weeks; she felt that there was happiness in the utterance of her name—that there was joy, love—and no half-hearted, crushed, doubting love either, but a full, outspoken, fearless passion. Then she sound came again, only much nearer the time.

"Molly! Where are you? I want you!"

The girl rose, trembling so that she had to hold on by the window-frame to steady herself. She heard his footsteps rapidly approaching her door, and she knew before she saw him that her deliverance had come. She knew from how or why she knew it, but she did. There was to be no more doubt, no more distrust; there was to be no more fencing between the truth; all obstacles were removed from between them, and henceforth there was to be a trust and confidence mutual, perfect, and lasting.

All this she had gathered from the mere intonation of his voice.

"Molly, are you here? May I come in?"

She answered "Yes" so faintly that she herself was not sure that she had actually uttered it. But his eager ears caught the sound, and the next moment he was inside the room, holding her by both hands, looking into her eyes anxiously, beseechingly, lovingly.

"Uncle Griffiths wants you down in his study. He has something to show you. Oh, Molly, my love, my love!"

He encircled her with his arms and kissed her with a passion that was mingled with a tone of penitence. She yielded herself to his embrace without asking a single question. Then he took her by the hand and said, "Come!"—and she went willingly whither he led her, for she knew that henceforth there was to be peace between them.

"You remember, Molly, how I complained of having been bitterly cold in bed that night, and how I told you of my tormenting dreams—how I was always trying to find out a trick and how they would always peep out at me wherever I put them?"

"Yes," said Molly, with her eyes still on the beautiful pearls as they lay in their open case on the study table. She was thinking of how she had looked down at her uncle and Brande in the hall on that night he was speaking of, and of how the studs had seemed to flash a message up at her in some incomprehensible tongue from out of the shadow below. "Yes, uncle, I remember."

"And do you remember, too, that I told you the story of the south corridor ghost that same night? Well, all these things lead to one conclusion in my mind. I went myself in my sleep that night, under the combined influence of that abominable Moselle and the remorse and doubt the secret cabinet, and put the studs in the cupboard, where Brande and I have just found them. I must have been the ghost that frightened poor Hewetson so. I thought those foot-prints could not belong to the real ghost, Brande, when they broke through all traditions so outrageously. They were mine, my boy, but they led us on to luck all the same, though, didn't they?"

"The best of luck, uncle Griffiths," said Molly—"the recovery of 'Queen Nell's Blessing.'"

"That evening, as Brande and Molly sat by themselves, closer together than they had set for some time—in fact, close enough to allow Brande every now and again to touch her hair or her cheek with a tender, lingering caress—Molly found herself impelled to ask some questions. Now that she knew how unfounded her suspicions against Brande had been, she could not forgive herself; and yet there were certain things which had fitted so exactly into her theory of his guilty that she was anxious he should know how she had aroused her suspicions, and how events seemed to have conspired against him.

"Brande," she said abruptly, "I wonder if you will ever really forgive me for having doubted your honesty!"

"I'll begin to think about that, Molly, when I have forgiven myself for doubting yours."

"I wonder," she continued, taking another view of the matter, "whether appearances combined to cheat us as they did my dad?"

"I don't know about that, sweetheart," he returned; "but I do know things looked precious queer from my point of view. You see, to begin with, there was my certain knowledge of having placed the studs in the bureau drawer four and five o'clock in the morning, and your declaration that they were not there between ten and eleven; then, only that morning, I had picked up a diamond from Tim, deploring the want of a thousand pounds. If you will try to put yourself in my position for a minute, Molly, you will see how my cause looked. The next day, when the discovery took place—the day Kenswald was here—I drank a lot of brandy to drown the haunting thought suggested by Tim."

"There!" exclaimed Molly. "That's how it worked all through, you see. What I took for signs of your guilt were really signs of your horror at what you thought was my guilt."

"Yes," said Brande reflectively; "and I expect it worked the other way about too. Do you remember looking at me in a horrified way when Lady Du Quesne was holding forth about her pearls on New Year's day?"

"Yes; I saw you look conscious."

"And, I presume, you took it as a sign that I had sold the Bryn-mawr jewels to her ladyship, and that those were the very pearls in the necklace?"

Molly nodded.

"And all the while my consciousness was entirely on your account. I thought it must be an awful bore you to stand there and hear them talked about."

"And so it was, Brande—it was torture. But it was on my account, you know."

"Ah, but I didn't know, Molly! I thought it was on your own."

"They sat silent for a while, and then Molly raised her head suddenly.

"Brande, you mustn't think we obstinate; but I still think I had more sound logical reasons for suspecting your guilt than you had against me. Just listen to me, dear. On the very morning after the robbery you went out before breakfast and posted a registered letter, with some mystery, since you said nothing about it until the receipt came into my hands. Stop—let me finish! You showed distinct vexation when you opened I know of the letter. I had seen the name on the receipt, 'Heffer' something, and the address, 'Cross street, Haymarket.' The next day I talk with Mr. Kenswald, who tells Griffiths mentioned this very man, 'Heffermann of Cross street,' the man you had sent the registered letter to, as a dealer in very rare and costly pearls, and gave us convincing piece of evidence. As soon as you heard that uncle Griffiths was going to town to see this Heffermann, you ran off with the pearls to Du Quesne necklace—I heard you in the dark behind me in the drawing-room. You rushed out to the stables and sent off a telegram to this dealer, telling him not to disclose any of your past transactions with him. Don't be angry with me for knowing so much; but I was caught in a trap, and couldn't help overhearing. I don't see, Molly, how you could have thought any different than you did. And uncle Griffiths, did he know all this?"

"No, of course not. Do you think I would have been so wicked as to breathe a word of it to any one?"

"Dear old loyal Molly!" he cried, kissing her heartily. "And now to explain away all this wonderful evidence."

"No, don't, Brande—at least, not unless you wish it very much."

"I do wish it very much, dear; there must be no more secrets between us, Molly. I have referred so many times during the period of estrangement that I will risk no more of it. That mysterious registered letter to Heffermann contained some choice cameos I picked up in Florence; I was forwarding them to him because, being a dealer in antique works of art himself, I thought he would know the best man to employ in the matter. They were for you, Molly; and, like a great schoolboy, I didn't want you to know anything about them until I gave them to you—that was why I was vexed at your getting hold of the receipt. The telegram which looked so awfully black against me was about that bill of Brunton's, I heard that he was beginning to clear off some of his old debts, and hoped there was a chance for me. Heffermann had possession of the bill for me, that's why I was so anxious uncle Griffiths to be worried in the matter, more especially as I was just beginning to hope that I should not have to mention the money at all. So, when I heard uncle Griffiths say he was going there, I wired, telling Heffermann to hold his tongue about the bill. But even your, Molly, luck in my case was against me. I don't think you have mentioned the worst point of all."

Molly looked up inquiringly as he went on with a still graver air.

"I mean my conduct on the discovery. I felt how guilty I must look in everybody's eyes—everybody's eyes, that is, but yours—I thought, knew better; and I was guilty in my own thoughts, for, Molly, I had been sorely tempted to steal the pearls for myself. Will make my confession to you now, dear, in the hardest and plainest words I can find, and then we will drop the humiliating subject for ever. When uncle Griffiths left me alone in his dressing room that night, an idea occurred to me that it would be easy enough to take the real pearls away and have imitations put in their place. No one would be any the wiser, I thought; it would harm no one, and it would save my uncle the worry of having to provide that thousand dollars. I was in an awful state, while it lasted, Molly, and I had a terrible time of it afterwards when I got to my own room—I felt such shame and degradation at the thought of my own weakness. Well, after all that, you can imagine what a shock it was to me when I heard that the pearls were missing. For the first few moments, in my confusion and terror, I half believed that I had really taken them. Can you understand that? I was almost delirious, and had the power of discerning between what I really had done and what I had only thought of doing. Of course the aberration did not last long, but it lasted long enough to give me every appearance of guilt."

"I remember," said Molly.

Brande leaned his elbow on the mantelpiece, shaded his over-heated face in silence for a few moments; then he said, with a wistful humility that was a petition for mercy in itself—

"It has cost me a good deal to tell you this, Molly, but I thought it was better that this unhappy subject should be thoroughly exhausted between us to-night."

She looked up and saw the silent prayer in his eyes.

"You don't imagine that I think any the less of you for it, do you?" she asked. "The greater the temptation, the greater the victory!"—and then she rose and put her arms about his neck and gave him a kiss of peace.

"Uncle," said Brande, turning back after he had said good night for the twentieth time at the door of Mr. Tennant's dressing-room, "you will not forget to wire to Borth to-morrow, as soon as you've got rid of us, telling him we've found the pearls!"

So the new mistress of Bryn-mawr wore "Queen Nell's Blessing" after all on her wedding-day. The studs were screwed into a piece of bellistorp colored velvet and worn round her throat. Uncle Griffiths insisted upon it, though Molly herself declared, with happy tears in her eyes, that she should never care for the pearls as she had cared when she first saw them—they had cost her too much suffering.

The foolish young people did not go to Paris for the honeymoon; they went on a tour round the Devonshire coast instead, and never once found a resting place where it was too quiet, nor lived through a day that was too long.

THE END.

Brudder Wakeup Beezum.

New preacher (on trial)—So you've come fer say dat I ain't satisfactory, an kaint be yer pastle?

Spokesman of committee—Dat am de gineral verdick, brudder Beezum.

Why! Ain't my orfoolux all right?

Oh, yas. Yas indeed.

Ain't my heterodoxy 'cordin' to de scriptures?

Sartainly, sah, sartainly.

Ain't d' sermons sound an de par'doxy?

Jis ex soun' ex kin be, brudder Beezum.

Habens I shouted 'gins sin an' de sinners?

Yas, dat you bah, an' dat's what you hurt de feelins' ob some ob de flock.

Habent I jis expounded dem to flew frum de raff to cum, 'n' do bettah?

Yas, but dat ain't 'zactly it, brudder Beezum.

Wull, what's de marter?

Dis hab bin a long, not summer, and a mighty poor waterin' ole season, brudder Beezum, for de congogation 'cluded dat seein' dat dey wore purty nigh worn ter a frazzle, dat you-se too loud, brudder Beezum, 'tirely too vorsoferous.

An Inducer of Athletics.

Tommy—Last year I jumped from here over to the walk.

Willie—Betcher can't do it again.

Tommy—Betcher I can, if th' head master and his ruler was after me. That time me an' th' ruler both jumped at the same time.

Another Complexion on the Matter.

Polite Conductor—Your fare, madame.

Miss Cosey Cobb (from Bensford)—You'd orter see me before I got sun scorched at Aunt Hanner's clam-bake.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time. —*Hale.*

40 years' record of honorable dealing

40 years before an intelligent public

40 years' loyalty to our patrons

40 years of liberal and equitable methods

40 years manufacturers and dealers

SPEAK STRONGER TO YOU THAN ANY WORDS OF OURS

R. S. Williams & Son

143 Yonge Street, Toronto

TELEPHONE 1504

J. Pittman & Co.

HATTERS AND FURRIERS

EVERYTHING NEW

New Stock, New Store, New Business

GENTLEMEN'S

HATS

Latest Styles. Most Celebrated Makes Only Shown.

OUR IMPORTATION OF

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S FURS

Will arrive in a few days.

J. Pittman & Co.

HATTERS AND FURRIERS

113 King Street West Toronto

G. W. TICKELL & CO

FURNITURE

FALL STOCK NOW COMPLETE

SPECIAL ATTENTION IS CALLED TO OUR

Upholstered Goods Department

IN WHICH WE ARE SHOWING A SPLENDID STOCK.

FURNITURE FOR BEDROOM, DINING-ROOM AND HALL.

JUST IN

A New Lot of American Rattan Goods

LATEST DESIGNS

G. W. TICKELL & CO.

108 KING STREET WEST

NEARLY OPPOSITE ROSSIN HOUSE, NEW DOORS EAST

WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON,

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER XV.

BELLE AND HAZEL MAKE A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

The Stewarts went down to Brighton on Monday morning, July 1st, as arranged.

A carriage was sent for Hazel at nine, and she joined Mrs. Stewart and Belle at the station, a little before the train left.

She was simply yet tastefully dressed in a trim suit of dark blue, which set off her fair clear complexion beautifully, while in manner and bearing she appeared every inch the lady.

"I had no idea she was so pretty," was Mrs. Stewart's inward comment, as Hazel greeted her with a bright, animated, yet perfectly respectful "good-morning," her lovely face glowing with health and anticipation. "I believe she is almost as handsome as Helena."

She was rather glad on the whole that Helena was not there, for her elder daughter was secretly inclined to be somewhat envious of the beauty of others, and she feared she might not have approved of this refined and elegant girl, whom people would be more likely to regard as a favored daughter rather than as a governess and companion.

Miss Stewart was still the guest of the duchess, and was to remain at Osterly until her mother should be settled at Brighton, when she would go down with the duchess, who also had an elegant residence at this fashionable resort.

Helena Stewart was a remarkable girl in some respects. She had been a brilliant scholar during the latter years of her school life, and had graduated with high honors from a noted institution in the United States. She was accomplished in music and painting, and could speak three languages besides her own, while she possessed a charm of manner and expression that fascinated every one whom she met. Everybody pronounced her beautiful, delightful, and she was a favorite in society everywhere.

It was a great pity that all this was not genuine; that it was only assumed for the sole purpose of being popular and of conquering all hearts—those of her own as well as those of the sterner sex. There was an air of sweetness and graciousness in her intercourse with every one which made individuals feel that she entertained a special friendship for them—that she experienced a peculiar delight in their companionship. But there was a selfish object in all this; it was assumed for the sole purpose of making life pleasant for herself. It was very delightful to stand high in the opinion of every one; to be petted and feted by all; to be invited everywhere, to have everybody speak well of her, praising her beauty and charming qualities, and to be the center of attraction in choice circles.

Her grace, the Duchess of Osterly, had been won by her when they met by chance one day in the Vatican, at Rome.

They were both lovers of art, and had stopped to admire the same picture, when Helena had made some remark which showed her thorough appreciation of the work, and to which her grace had responded by a smiling commendation of so intelligent a criticism. This led to further conversation, and Helena, without knowing the rank of her companion, yet recognizing the fact that she was a cultured woman, took pains to shine at her best.

The duchess was charmed with her, and, by a few adroit inquiries, learned that the fair American was an inmate of the same hotel where she also was a guest.

The next morning her grace sent her card to Mrs. Stewart's rooms, requesting the pleasure of her own and her daughter's company on a visit to the Barbarini Palace.

Mrs. Stewart was astonished; Helena was delighted at this attention from so distinguished a person. Of course they went, and the result was that the beautiful girl became a protege of the noble and kind-hearted duchess, who was exceedingly fond of young people, and never so happy as when acting the part of chaperone to them.

She had learned, upon inquiry, that Mrs. Stewart was a wealthy American widow, who had been traveling around for two or three years; that she belonged to a fine old family, and was a woman who would grace any society.

An intimacy sprang up between the two women, and they continued their travels in company; and when Lord Nelson Hartwell, her grace's idolized grandson and the heir presumptive to the dukedom and estates of Osterly, joined them later at Florence, Mrs. Stewart, with a fond mother's ambition, decreed in her heart that Helena should yet wear the straw-berry leaves upon her imperial head.

On their return to England the duchess, who every day became more fond of Helena, invited them to spend two months with her, one at her town house during the London season, and the other at Osterly Park.

Such an invitation was, of course, not to be slighted, and four brilliant weeks were spent in England's great capital. Helena was presented at court, where she created quite a sensation, where even the Queen received her with marked graciousness, and lords and nobles rendered her marked homage, although it gradually began to be rumored that Lord Hartwell was likely to secure the prize which so many seemed to covet.

The duchess appeared in no way averse to such an arrangement, and even hinted to Mrs. Stewart that she should be pleased with the union, if the young people themselves were agreed.

After this delightful season in London, they all repaired to Osterly Park, where we first introduced Helena, and where Percy Morton was called to attend her after her mysterious fainting turn in the Rhododendron Walk.

The duchess was to go to Brighton some time in July, and Mrs. Stewart resolved to take a house there if she could find what she wanted, and was very much pleased when she learned she could secure an elegant furnished villa adjoining the duchess' summer home, and thither she repaired, as we have already stated on the first of July.

Hazel found herself very pleasantly located at Crescent Villa, so named from the natural formation of the surrounding grounds, which was caused by the symmetrical inland sweep of the sea at that point.

Three pretty rooms—two bedrooms and a common sitting-room—were allotted to her and Belle. They were on the east side of the house where, every morning, they could catch the first rays of the rising sun and look out upon the boundless ocean.

For the first few days after their arrival, Mrs. Stewart kindly allowed the two girls their liberty, and they just reveled in the beauty around them; in the delicious sunshine and the soft cool breezes that were like new wine to them after the confinement, the heat and the dust of the close city.

Hazel gave herself up to it all, with almost the pleasure and abandon of a child. She loved the sea; it was like home to her, and she seemed to live over again the delights of her youth, as she went skimming over the water in the light, pretty boat which had been purchased for Belle's use, she skilfully using the oars while her young companion sat in the stern and tried to learn how to steer.

But being unfamiliar with the locality they got into trouble one day which resulted in quite a romantic adventure.

They had noticed, at some distance from land, a beautiful little island, and both girls had expressed a desire to row over to it and make an exploring expedition.

One morning, supplied with a generous lunch basket and two interesting books, they started out for this purpose.

They pulled directly for the spot, and had almost reached it when suddenly they were startled by a grating noise beneath their boat, and knew that they were on a rock; the next moment a wave lifted them over it, but only to send them between two rocks where, to their dismay, they found their frail craft wedged in such a manner that it could not be moved either one way or the other.

In vain both Hazel and Belle tried to push off with their oars, but they could not stir it; it seemed as firmly lodged as the rocks themselves.

"What shall we do?" asked Belle, looking dismayed for the moment, "are we in any danger?"

Hazel broke into a merry, musical laugh.

"No, not the slightest, dear," she responded, "only it is very awkward, and it was perhaps careless of me not to have been on the watch for breakers where I am unfamiliar with the ground. I am afraid, however, that we shall have to sit here until the tide comes in."

"How long will that be?" Belle inquired.

"A good while, I fear, for it is only just now going out."

"Mercy, Hazel! then it will be hours!" Belle exclaimed, aghast. "What will mamma think?"

"That is the worst feature of the affair. Mrs Stewart will be sure to be very anxious about us before we can get home," Hazel returned gravely.

"Well, I am only glad that we have a good full lunch-basket at hand," Belle remarked, with a glance at it, her face reflecting the gravity of her companion's.

Their eyes met in a troubled look for an instant; then both girls broke into a merry peal of laughter.

They were so light hearted and happy; life was so bright to them; the day was one of intoxicating beauty, and it did not matter very much whether they were wedged between two rocks, or skimming gayly over the shimmering water, with that delightful breeze playing about them and with each other for company; only that pretty island did look tantalizingly inviting, with its swaying pines, its climbing vines, and beautiful ferns and tangled undergrowth just before them.

Their burst of merriment had scarcely died away when it was repeated close by, but in a rich, manly tone, and it rang out with an amusement and heartiness which betrayed a keen appreciation of the situation.

Both girls turned at the sound, and saw a boatman just rounding the point of the island nearest them.

He was young—about Percy's age, Hazel thought, with a strong, well-knit form, auburn hair, an attractive face, and a pair of merry blue eyes, which just now were twinkling with fun and an intense enjoyment of the ludicrous predicament in which he found the young ladies.

A few vigorous strokes brought him close beside them.

"Your pardon, ladies," he said, resting on his oars, which he clasped with one hand, while with the other he politely lifted the broad-brimmed straw hat from his finely shaped head; "but truly I could not resist having my little laugh at your expense, since, only yesterday, I found myself in the same unfortunate situation, and, my boat being much larger and heavier than yours, I had to possess my soul in patience; I sat here six hours, and awaited the pleasure of the tide."

"Oh! and were all alone?" asked Belle, with the outspoken freedom of girlhood, and thinking the stranger the handsomest young man she had ever seen.

"I was," he returned, with an expressive shrug of his broad shoulders. "I suppose I might have made it a profitable season of meditation and self-examination," he continued, with mock seriousness, "but I am free to confess that I spent the time in berating myself for being such a dunce as to get into so uncomfortable a fix."

"Hazel, I think we must name this place the Dunce's Stool. This gentleman occupied it yesterday, and we, being so stupid, shall have to take our turn to-day," Belle remarked, with a comical grimace that made her companion laugh outright.

The young man colored.

"I beg that you will not think that my remarks were intended to reflect upon anyone but myself," he said, "and now let me see what can be done for your relief; but first allow me to introduce myself—I am Charles Harwood, barrister elect, from London, and at your service."

"Oh, I reckon I know who you are," Belle remarked, ingenuously; "you must be the son of Sir Henry Harwood, the great physician. I heard the Duchess of Jersey tell mamma that he had a son who was studying law, though Sir Henry would have preferred him to be a doctor like himself."

"You are right, miss," replied the young man, looking amused at hearing his history thus rehearsed; "I have the honor to be Sir Henry's son, and it has been the chief regret of my life that my tastes ran counter to my father's wishes; but a hickory tree won't bear peaches, so I am cracking away at the hard kernels of the law, instead of dealing out infinitesimal pellets of sugar to relieve the countless ills of suffering humanity. So you know her grace, the Duchess of Jersey, little girl, do you?" he concluded, somewhat surprised by the fact.

"Little girl!" Belle's pretty head went up into the air fully six inches at this slighting disregard of her stature and her teens.

"I do," she briefly returned, and with offended dignity.

Poor Hazel could not contain herself at this, and she gave vent to a merry little laugh, their new acquaintance looked so comically nonplussed and dismayed over his blunder, while Belle's assumption of hauteur was so hideous, and then she colored crimson as she met the admiring gaze of the young man, and blushed fall upon her, But she quickly recovered herself.

"Mr. Harwood, you have been so kind to introduce yourself; allow me to perform the same ceremony in our own behalf," she said. "This young lady," with a slight stress upon the noun, "is Miss Belle Stewart, while I am her—

"My friend, Miss Hazel Gay," quickly interposed Belle, who would not be outdone in this ceremony of introduction, but was anxious that Hazel should not make herself known as her governess and companion, as she felt sure she was about to do.

Mr. Harwood again doffed his hat, bowing with equal politeness to both ladies, although his fine eyes lingered upon Hazel's lovely face, while he repeated her name to himself.

"Hazel Gay," he said. "What a pretty cognomen! But not more so than its fair owner. I think I must cultivate Miss Gay during my sojourn here."

"Now that these formalities are concluded, ladies," he added, aloud, "let us attend to business, and see what can be done for your unfortunate situation."

He laid hold on their boat with all his strength, and tried to dislodge it from its position.

It grated roughly against the rocks, but it was so firmly wedged between them that he could not release it.

"I am afraid if I attempt to pull her off I shall do her injury, and she is too pretty a craft to be roughly handled," he said. "I can think of only one thing to do," he added, "and that is to anchor her here until the tide rises and lifts her from the rocks, then return, and get her later in the day. Meanwhile, I will assist you into my boat and take you ashore, if you will allow me to do so."

"Oh, dear! then we shall have to give up going to the island to day," sighed Belle, with a wistful glance toward the feathery pines that seemed to nod as and beckon them on. We were going there for a little picnic," she added, turning to Mr. Harwood, "and I never can bear to give up anything when my mind is once set upon it."

"None of us like to be disappointed," he replied; then added eagerly, "Let me row you over; I shall be very glad to do so, and then I can show you the best place to land in case you should wish to come again. May I have the pleasure?" and he turned an inquiring glance upon Hazel.

"You are very kind, Mr. Harwood, and we will thankfully accept your offer if it will give you no inconvenience," she responded, feeling sure that there could be no harm in the arrangement, since their escort was so well known and respectable a personage as Sir Henry Harwood's son; for she, too, knew the great physician by reputation.

The gentleman assisted them into his commodious boat, and transferred with great care, at Belle's suggestion, the lunch basket; then he secured their craft with an anchor, which he took from his own, after which he turned his prow toward the island.

Hazel offered to take an oar, affirming that she could be of considerable assistance to him; but he smilingly refused. He had placed her on the seat facing him, for he wanted an opportunity to study her features, which he thought were the sweetest he had ever seen.

Belle assumed the lead in conversation, using her girlish prerogative of asking whatever questions she chose. Among other things she inquired after Sir Henry, whom she had seen and greatly admired when he visited Helena at Osterly.

"I suspect," remarked the young man, when she allowed him the opportunity, "that you are sister to the young lady whose case interested my father so much recently. I remember his speaking of it on his return from Osterly Park."

"Yes, I am," Belle replied. "Helena had a queer kind of fainting turn, and we all thought she was going to die."

"Helena! Miss Helena Stewart," said Mr Harwood, with sudden interest. I wonder if I did not meet her in London society a couple of months since."

"I think very likely; she went out a great deal while we were in London

"She is very beautiful, if I am not mistaken as to her identity," the young man remarked.

"Most people think that Helena is handsome, but I don't," replied Belle, with decision.

"Do you not?" Mr. Harwood asked, with gleaming eyes, for the girl's frankness greatly amused him. "I suppose you would be very proud of her beauty and of the attention she receives."

"Yes, I know that she is a great belle, and I suppose she is very pretty; but to me she is not beautiful like——" (her eyes wandered to Hazel, who was watching the play of the oars and listening, though she was unconscious that she had become the subject of remark) "like some other people whom I have met," Belle concluded, giving him a significant glance, which he returned with a quiet smile, showing that he understood her and appreciated her taste.

The boat now shot into a little cove off the island, which seemed made purposely for landing, and three minutes later the little party were all ashore.

(To be Continued.)

Ladies' Restaurants.

It is becoming more popular every year for ladies to lunch at cafes. Thomas' English Chop House is the favorite place in Toronto and is largely patronized by ladies and theatre parties. It is strictly first-class; ladies' entrance, reception and dressing rooms.

A Long Time Since They Had Met.

Policeman (to tramp in front of an exchange office)—What yer bowin' and scrapin' in front of that winder for?

Tramp (making another Chesterfieldian bow)—I'm saluting them bank notes. Old acquaintances that I haven't seen for years.—*Texas Siftings.*

An Injured Tone.

(After the accident.) "Poor John," she said, "he must have suffered. Did he ask for me?"

"Yes ma'am," replied an attendant at the hospital, "he called for you several times."

"Did he speak plainly?"

"Yes, ma'am, but it was in an injured tone of voice."

How He Explained.

Our Maid—My missis found two fishes in the milk yesterday morning, and she's terrible put out with you.

Our Milkman—That comes from tryin' t' be generous. Why gal alive, them was trout I put in out 'r compliment. They're wuth a dollar a paound!

On the Tour.

Mrs. Newtide—Turn around for a side view, Rupert. I'm making a little sketch to send mamma, and want you in the foreground.

Mr. Newtide (with alacrity as he remembers the arrangements for mamma's future abiding place)—Fire away, my dear. It's probably my last chance.

A Fine Compliment.

Husband—Professor Wideshead paid you a very fine compliment after dinner last night, my dear.

Wife—Oh, did he; what did he say?

Husband—He said that you weren't handsome, but you were one of the most intelligent women he ever met.

Wife—Professor What's-his name has received his last invitation from me.

A Fatal Omen.

In the year 1813, when Napoleon I. was staying, from about 21 to 23, at the little town of Lowenberg, in Silesia, he received the information that Austria had entered into an alliance with Prussia and Russia. He was so startled at the news that he dropped on the floor a glass which he held in his hand at the time. They picked it up and found that it was not cracked, but a small piece, engraved with the letter N and the imperial crown, was broken out. The glass is still preserved and shown to visitors at the house in the market-place where he lodged and the accident occurred.

Let no one suppose that by acting a good part through life he will escape scandal. There will be those even who hate him for the very qualities that ought to procure him esteem.

ARMAND'S LADIES' HAIR-DRESSING DEPARTMENT AND BEAUTY STORE

Is no doubt the finest and latest hair store in Toronto and is, since its opening, patronized only by first-class customers. Best satisfaction given in Ladies' Hair Dressing, Trimming, Singeing, Shampooing, etc. Ladies waited upon at their own residence.

All styles of Hair Goods in Hair and Wether Bangs, Waves Curls, Switches, Wigs, etc., on hand or made to order on the shortest notice—best quality and best finish guaranteed.

Hair-work Chains on hand or made to order. Hair-dressing for pictures and frames. Perfumery of the best Paris houses. Genuine Secret of Beauty, the magic beautifier for complexion. ARMAND'S Hair Restorer restores gray hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. It is not a dye and will not soil the skin or injure the most delicate head. Send for circular and price list or ARMAND'S HAIR STORE, 407 Yonge St., close to Y.M.C.A. building, Toronto

LADIES'

SILVER WATCHES

AND

FOB CHAINS

RYRIE BROTHERS

JEWELERS

113 YONGE ST., TORONTO

THE QUEEN OF PERFUMES

Delicate and Lasting

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

MORSE SOAP CO.

SOLE AGENTS FOR

English Franco - American Perfumes

PRICE REDUCED TO 50c. PER BOTTLE

For removing Tan, Freckles, Blemishes, and imparting Beauty and Freshness to the Complexion, Clearness, Softness and Smoothness to the Skin.

Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, 1874.

Mr. Geo. W. Laird: I have received and used, with great pleasure and delight, the "BLOOM OF YOUTH," and find it superior to any Cosmetic or Toilet Preparation in Europe. Its imparts to the complexion beauty and brilliancy. With many thanks, Yours, with great esteem.

SIGNORA RISTORI.

The "BLOOM OF YOUTH" has been in use nearly twenty years, and has been used by over a million of ladies, including the opera singers, actresses and professional ladies generally, and always given the utmost satisfaction. The proprietor could publish a book of testimonials, but secrecy decides.

This delightful preparation has been chemically analyzed by the *Board of Health*, and declared harmless and in no way injurious to the skin or health.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Elegant samples now being distributed from house to house

The Adventures of a Dollar Bill.

For Saturday Night.

I can be truthfully called "filthy lucre," as I am now, patched, mutilated, tainted with the mixture of a thousand odors, and tarnished with the fingers of a thousand hands. I was as new as a hot roll once, and as fresh as the blossoms of a wild convolvulus when the worthy banker made me a present to his ten-year-old daughter as a pretty new bill all for herself to spend. I was eagerly grasped by the sweet, white, tiny hand—I may here mention that I have seldom been loosely handled—but in all my chequered career I have never forgotten the touch of that little hand. I was then exchanged for a book of illustrated nursery rhymes, and I noticed that the child hailed the book with more delight than she did me at first sight. After lying a little while in the till I was handed by the shopkeeper along with three other bills of my own value but not of my particular date, to the clerk as his weekly salary. I was received with a look of welcome, followed by a sigh, as the poor fellow wondered when he should be able to command sufficient income to support the girl of his choice, whom on the morrow he was going to take on a rowing excursion along the borders of the neighboring lake and river.

The setting sun was about two hours high when the clerk with me in his pocket had engaged the boat that was to float him to eternity. Yes, that couple were drowned in a sudden squall that arose, as if God in pity had taken from a harsh, exacting, separating world to a deathless, tearless sphere, where angels and archangels chanted their bridal song in mighty waves of joyful sound across the tinted splendor of the jasper sea.

But what about me? Was I not crumpled in the pocket of a garment that inclosed a drowned and putrefying corpse? Well might I rejoice when the draghook fished the horrid scene to light, and the coroner had ordered the undertaker to bury both. Then a hand that loved to straighten death-cold limbs, straightened me and my three companions with a tender stroke, for what will not an undertaker do, and where will he not put his hand for money?

Through the undertaker's hands I passed to a man of fashion and from thence to the wanton, and I confess I would sooner have rotted with the corpse. Thanks to enterprise and circulation I was soon out of her meshes, for she subscribed me to the missionary society; but I never reached the heathen or the missionary.

Oh, no! the minister found me in his purse one day and was awfully surprised; although I was accounted for in church reports as miscellaneous expenditure. Well, I had a rest for a long time, notwithstanding the divine owed me to a negro who whitewashed his cellar for two dollars; but it was intended that I should settle the bill my own single self. I suppose his reverence wanted to give the negro time for profitable reflection.

When the poor negro got me, instead of two like me, could you blame him for silence at the prayer-meeting that evening? Many of Sol Smith's big-lipped, big-footed, great-hearted and down-trodden brethren missed the hearty hallelujahs and amens that formerly burst from his red-hot giant soul. No wonder that he clenched his lime-stained fists in agony when he prayed that the gentle Jesus would soothe his indignant soul and give the wheat patience to grow with the tares till the blessed harvest home was gathered in.

With many a look and many a squeeze Sol took me to pay his rent, which had to be paid every week, because he was poor and the landlord's flat had gone forth that "niggers should pony up every week or else get the bounce." Sol arrived at the great house of the Devourer, handed me with a polite and humble air—to be received with a snatch of one hand while the other hand squeezed the Devourer's nose with a scented handkerchief. Sol turns away penniless and supperless, and has to go to the shop of a negro, "for no one else will trust his black, honest face, but a negro," and beg a couple of turnips and a few pounds of liver, to keep the bodies and souls of his wife and children together.

From the hands of the Devourer I passed into the pile that made the bishop's salary; and from that pile I was sent, with others, to the wine merchant's counting house. The wine merchant was churchwarden and he gave me to a scissors-grinder for giving his opinion of the abilities of an organist who was playing on trial for the cathedral appointment. The scissors-grinder gave me to a gipsey for a collie dog that came into the tinker's possession to be killed for biting a rich man's boy. The gipsey gave me as boot to a farmer with whom he had traded horses; and the farmer parted me for a bottle of Wizard oil to cure his wife of the dropsy and get her out of the notion of running a doctor's bill. I next came into the hands of the poorhouse authorities, and I purchased for them enough tainted meat to feed fifty paupers. The household butcher gave me to his daughter, who invested me in materials to make a fancy monogram for her lover's hat. I then passed to the errand boy in the milliner's shop, who took me to his mother, and the widow's heart leapt for joy as she kissed the beaming boyish face of her only son, in return for the first week's earnings. Mother like, she spent me all on her bright boy; and went with a rich, overflowing heart to pay me for a Bible, "on which the bookseller made fifty per cent. profit"—to be kept and revered by the boy as an everlasting token of her unselfish love. For my part I would sooner have been the means of procuring something for her drooping frame.

Methinks that the book would have been a poor bargain only that a mother's priceless love and saintly touch turned its brazen clamps into transparent gold, its imitation morocco into garnished pearl and its blurred pages into crystal jets of diamond water streaming in eternal beauty from the fount of life. The bookseller gave me for a ticket admitting him to a steamboat excursion, and he chatted on the breezy deck, in company with a minister and an estate agent, on stocks and every other topic but "feed my lambs"—while the poor widow was contriving to pay her rent in the third story of a stuffy tenement house.

The steamboat engineer next had me in his possession. It was from him I received my delicate odor of tallow and hemp. He was a jolly fellow, and parted with me that he might "set it up for the boys," which transferred me to the saloonkeeper. Must I tell what a time I had of it then?—how I was laid on the cardtable, and during one hellish night was alternately in the clutches of four frenzied creatures bearing more resemblance to fiends than men—till finally I found myself stuffed hastily and wildly into the breast-pocket of the winner, and the next instant a pistol bullet ended my career and the gambler's, too!

LEIGH STURGEON.

Their Idols.

For Saturday Night.

Loudly creaked the shrivelled branches in the old and withered trees,
Racked they seemed with pain and anguish when they felt the gathering breeze,
Gauntly waved towards the heavens in a feverish unrest
Like a sick man's arms that wildly toss—then sink upon his breast.

Low and sadly moaned the night winds presaging the coming storm;
Through the chinks the stray gusts sifted rou d the house's shivering form.
As he watched the black clouds drifting river ever and anon
By the lightning's quivering flashes that with baleful splendor shone.

As it gleamed upon the treasures in the wretch's trembling hand
Clutched in frenzy ere upon him fell high heaven's dread command;
Crashed a thunderbolt and left him charred and burned in ashes cold,
While the idol, lay uninjured there, a mass of molten gold.

* * * * * * *

Died the thunder in the distance, rumbled low along the g oud;
In another's house that crash had proved the final trumpet sound
That called a dying girl away from earth and all its cares,
Where a broken-hearted father watched and hoped against his fears.

* * * * * * *

Day broke cold upon the cinders where the miser's hut had stood,
Kindly shone upon the father in his dark and hopeless mood,
Full the will of God revealing in his dealings with mankind,
One is taken from his idol, let him learn who's left behind.

TORONTO, Oct. 5, 1888. T. A. GIBSON.

Our New York Letter.

Special Correspondence.

The Quick or the Dead, with Miss Estelle Clayton as Barbara, has been played for a week. Not a critic in town but has had a chance to give vent to unqualified ridicule, unmitigated contempt, and yet the play and its performance are no worse—are better, in fact—than several that for the sake of actors or actresses that have a certain prestige, have been handled with more care. It is said that faint praise is the very ultimate essence of a good damning; but I doubt it, so far as the dear public at large is concerned. Faint praise is so much an unknown quantity—I mean it so wants convincing power one way or the other, that it leaves one's curiosity unsatisfied, and this is a strong motive for much play-going. To expect a play to show in an objective way, to see acted such passion, such purely physical power as is shown in Miss Rivers' book would, to say the least, be cause for respectable people to leave it alone. To idealize all this, to make of the fire heat of the author a sufficiently tepid warmth for a stage love of the ordinary ultra-romantic sort, has proved, and must have proved, a disappointment. The fact is, such a book could not be made into a play, not in our era at least, possibly a Wycherley, a Congreve, a Vanbrugh, might have done it; in their time the essence of the book need not have been lost.

Everyone looked for an exhibition of a more or less salacious suggestiveness. They failed to get it. Miss Clayton appeared to much better advantage than I expected. I believe if she had not been advertised so much as a beauty that she would have met with kinder treatment. This seemed to challenge a severer judgment upon her acting. I'm inclined to think it actually prejudiced many against it. If the play had been given another name, if it had been left to the critics and the public to discover its origin, I'm not sure but that it would have drawn out some curious expressions on its subtitle of A Psychological Study. Miss Clayton is paying dearly for experience, even a higher rate than did Mrs. Langtry, who had not nearly as much talent and less beauty when she first exhibited in New York.

The Comedie Francaise of Paris is as great in renown with the French as the Dionysian Festival was with the Greeks. Their greatest triumphs in dramatic literature, in poetry, in the art of acting, have been there. It is a name that means to the French a monument to genius of the highest order. Its boards have been mellowed with the richest tones of their greatest actors, seasoned with the wit, the tragic grandeur of their greatest writers. The Comedie Francaise is the only school of acting in the world that has a continuous and constant reputation for stage art in its best and truest expression. No institution without its peculiar advantages can expect to attain to its perfection. Then it is a stock company made up of the best talent of the country. Genius must pass through its doors—must have its stamp of merit—to pass muster. We have all read of the art of the French theater, but few have had an opportunity to study it at first hand. The coming to this country of the leading comedian of modern France, a man whose name has been for so many years indissolubly associated with the Comedie Francaise, will, of course, excite unusual interest. M. Charles Coquelin has built up a reputation for consummate skill. He has given to the world in a very charming and masterly manner his ideas as to the philosophy of the actor's art. His success has been realized in the characters of the classic French comedy. The genius of Moliere has found in him a capable exponent. He embodies the traditions of several centuries of Gallic drama.

What a rare chance indeed, for us to brush up our French and to learn what acting really means.

This sort of thing comes a little high, for stars are expensive, Coquelin and Madame Jane Harding. Bernhardt's rival from the Gymnase, together with a complete French company, necessitate a raise of about one hundred per cent. in cost of seats, two dollars and a half for an orchestra chair.

Wallack's is no more! With the death of the last of the line, so far as the theatrical life goes, also passes away the name of the last house to which his name gave special character and reputation. Wallack's has been a part of the drama in New York for many years, the theaters known by that name having moved up town with the growth of the city. It seems a pity, from a sentimental point of view, I suppose, that the last play-house with which Wallack was associated, should not be called after him permanently, in honor of his work and his part in the history of the stage in New York. The French company play the first engagement at Palmer's Theater (late Wallack's).

There seems no limit to new ideas in periodicals. The number of them seems to increase in a direct ratio with population. Some few attain to very great financial or literary success, but the few compensate for the wasted capital and energy of the many. One of the newest ventures here and one that deserves success, for it is original in design and admirable in the way the plan is carried out is called *Current Literature*. It gives a well chosen epitome of those current articles and books that are of special value. The character of its monthly selections is invaluable to the hard-pressed student of contemporary letters, and to people in the country away from the centres of publishing it is simply a treasure trove. Its 374 large pages, each containing as much matter as two ordinary newspaper columns, give one a digest of just those literary matters that we want to know but can't for lack of time.

CARRINGTON.

NEW YORK, Oct. 8, 1888.

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what? Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

Aristotle, when asked by what criterion he should judge of the merit of a book, replied, "When the author has said everything he ought, nothing but what he ought, and says that as he ought."

JUST ARRIVED
Ex-Cargo
Second shipment and in completion of our MAMMOTH PURCHASE OF NEW SEASON'S TEAS. We were most fortunate in securing this lot of
Fine Teas
for spot cash much below their market value, and as Teas are more rapidly advancing in price we are placed in a position to supply our patrons with first-quality goods at even less than old prices.
Call in and get a sample pound of our New Teas, and we will take chances as to the result.
GEO. W. SHAVER
Telephone 1850. 244 Yonge and 2 Louisa sts.

TRAINING SCHOOL
ESTABLISHED 1869
PROF. DAVIS
DANCING ACADEMY
22 WILTON AVE.
DEPORTMENT, CALISTHENICS, ELOCUTION
MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL ASSOC. OF TEACHERS OF DANCING OF THE U.S. & CANADA.
JUVENILE CLASSES (Misses and Masters) now forming
LADIES' CLASSES always under instruction and forming
GENTLEMEN'S CLASSES always under instruction and forming
PRIVATE LESSONS—8 round dances in 4 private lessons
PROF. DAVIS' DANCE MUSIC

Pauline Lancers	50 cts
Gavotte Lancers (fully explained)	50
Cimbeline Waltzes	40
Call to Arms Polka	40
Le Bronco (fully explained)	50
The Jersey (fully explained)	35
The Ripple (fully explained)	35
La Prolique (fully explained)	35

The eight pieces (for piano) $2.50. Also Prof. Davis' Book on Dancing 25c.

NOTE.—"Le Bronco," adopted by the NATIONAL ASSOCIATION, is having an *enormous sale*; it could not be otherwise, as the MUSIC and DANCE are perfectly CHARMING and UNIQUE. "The PACIFIC LANCERS" has been adopted by the National Association as the Association MUSIC for the Saratoga Lancers. This fact we consider a *high compliment* to our ability and talent as a *composer of music* for dancing and *originator of dances*. A lady (ex-pupil) of San Francisco, Cal., writing, says: "I want all my relations and friends to hear your SWEET MUSIC. Each time I hear the "*Ripple*" or "Le Bronco" played, it makes one wish for some more LESSONS and DANCES. I shall never forget your PATIENCE and KINDNESS." Send direct (for our music) to
PROF. DAVIS, 77 Wilton Ave.

X THE X
WALL PAPERS
AT McCAUSLAND'S ARE
CHARMING AND CHEAP
72 TO 76 KING ST. W.
TORONTO
TEL. 1112

Dominion Stained Glass Co.
77 RICHMOND STREET WEST
Memorial Windows and every description of Church and Domestic Art Glass, including
Wheel-Cut, Sand-Cut, Embossed, Bent Glass and Bevelled Plate
also new and elegant designs in Bevelled, Engraved and Silvered Plate for mantles.
Designs and estimates on application. Telephone 1476.

RUSSELLS, 9 KING STREET WEST
EXHIBITION SALE
RUSSELLS, 9 KING ST. WEST
WATCHES & JEWELRY
EXHIBITION SALE
1888

Superfluous Hair, Moles, &c.
PERMANENTLY REMOVED BY
Dorenwend's Perfect System of Electrolysis Not the Slightest Pain Felt in the Treatment.
Persons who have been treated by others who profess to understand "Electrolysis," come to us after finding permanent cure for superfluous hair, and *endorse our system thoroughly*.
It requires a skilful hand and a steady eye to perform the operation, so be careful whom you trust. There is no experiment about our system; we have made it a study and *It Is a Success*. This is, we know for a positive fact, more than can be said about any other system of Electrolysis.
Come to us. We promise satisfaction.
CALL OR WRITE FOR PARTICULARS TO
A. DORENWEND
Paris Hair Works, 103 & 105 Yonge St., Toronto

WHO'S YOUR HATTER WHO'S YOUR HATTER
J. & J. LUGSDIN
THE LEADING
Hatters and Furriers
101 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

JAS. COX & SON
83 Yonge Street
PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS
Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors

JAMES PAPE
FLORAL ARTIST
78 Yonge Street, Toronto
Specialties for Weddings and Evening Parties. Funeral Designs on the Shortest Notice.
Telephone 1461. Conservatories, 167 Carlaw Av., Queen St. East.

Toronto Exhibition, 1888
Ladies visiting the city can consult MADAM BOUDIER as to the removal of superfluous hair from the face, arms and moulds. I guarantee a permanent cure. References from leading physicians and ladies that have received treatment. Beware of quacks and frauds as I am the only person who understands the treatment of electrolysis in Canada.
Note the address, 662 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO
Enquiries may be made by post. Enclose stamp.

The Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company
AND
THE MANUFACTURERS' ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY
Are two separate and distinct Companies with full Government Deposit.
The Authorized Capital and other Assets are respectively $2,000,000 and $1,000,000
PRESIDENT: RT. HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, P. C., G. C. B.
VICE-PRESIDENTS: GEORGE GOODERHAM, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE BANK OF TORONTO, WILLIAM BELL, ESQ., MANUFACTURER, GUELPH.
AUDITORS: H. J. HILL, SECRETARY OF THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION ASSOCIATION, TORONTO, EDGAR A. WILLIS, SECRETARY BOARD OF TRADE, TORONTO.
J. B. CARLILE, MANAGING DIRECTOR, TORONTO, ONT.
POLICIES ISSUED ON ALL THE APPROVED PLANS. LIFE POLICIES PURCHASED AND ANNUITIES GRANTED.
PIONEERS OF LIBERAL ACCIDENT POLICIES!
Issues Policies of all kinds at moderate rates. Policies covering Employers' Liability for Accidents to their workmen, under the Workmen's Compensation for Injuries' Act, 1886. Best and most liberal form of Workmen's Accident Policies. Premium payable by easy instalments, which meets a long-felt want
AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

H. S. MORISON & CO.
218 Yonge Street, corner Albert Street
FOR
Stylish Tailor Made Costumes
Just received 2 cases, 24 in.
FRENCH BROADCLOTHS
In 12 of the new leading shades, with Braid, Chamois, and Curly Lamb Trimmings to match, which is the
LATEST NEW YORK STYLE
Also 1 case
Combination and Parisian Border Dress Goods
Imported for our trade and confined exclusively to ourselves.
P.S.—OUR MODISTE has just returned from NEW YORK. Ladies requiring STYLISH DRESSES in the Latest Fashion should call and have their orders booked.
MANTLES
Remember, Ladies, that in JACKETS, ULSTERS, SEALETTE and PLUSH MANTLES, etc., etc., we cannot be approached in QUALITY, STYLE or PRICE.

Dineens' Great Hat Sale
WHOLESALE PROFITS ONLY
We wish it thoroughly understood that the prices on our hats cover but two profits—the manufacturer's and our own—which is in reality a wholesaler's profit. We buy in wholesale lots strictly for cash, direct from the manufacturer. We retail every day single hats at wholesale prices. Our stock is well known as the largest and finest in Toronto, probably in all Canada, and our facilities, thus explained, enable us at all times to sell any hat 50c lower than any competitor.
W. & D. DINEEN
Cor. King and Yonge Sts.
Orders By Mail Receive Prompt Attention.

FALL UNDERWEAR
WHEATON & CO.
17 KING ST. WEST, COR. JORDAN
Merino and Natural Wool
Shirts and Drawers, all Weights and Sizes
NEW FALL SCARFS
NEW FALL GLOVES
DENTS' AND FOWAL'S
FINE GOODS. LOW PRICES
WHEATON & CO.
17 KING STREET WEST, COR. JORDAN

JOHN FLETCHER
IRON AND STEEL WORK
Roofs, Girders, Beams, Stairs, Columns, and all kinds of Iron Work for Building Purpose
OFFICE:
530 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

Society.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Miss Gildersleeve looked superbly handsome in a gown of white tulle and satin, with veil and orange blossoms. Her bouquet was a magnificent one of white rosebuds. The bride was happy in her choice of four pretty bridesmaids who dressed in cream surah and lace, and carrying bouquets of rosebuds of variegated hues, looked charming indeed. They were Miss Maud Rutherford of Toronto, Miss Mabel Henderson, Miss Kent, and Miss Mabel Gildersleeve, a cousin of the bride. Owing to the recent death of Captain Rivers' sister, there were no guests, except the immediate relatives of the bride, but my readers can well imagine that at the wedding of a popular society woman the edifice would be well filled with friends of the contracting parties, and the Rivers-Gildersleeve wedding, I can assure you, was not an exception to the rule.

*

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. B. B. Smith, with the full choir of the cathedral in attendance.

*

As the wedding party passed to the altar the well known marriage hymn was sung by the choir, which, during the ceremony, gave a beautiful rendering of the Dous, and as the wedding party left the cathedral Mendelssohn's famous march lent an added interest to the scene.

*

A reception was afterwards held at the Gildersleeve residence, and amongst those present were Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Gildersleeve, Mr. H. Gildersleeve, Mr. E. Gildersleeve, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. Kent, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Kent, Mr. and Miss Carruthers, Mrs. McPherson, Mrs. Britton, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Birmingham, Mrs. and Miss Herkimer, Miss Amy Rutherford, Mrs. Deacon, Mrs. Armstrong, Miss Burpee of St. John, N. B., Colonel Cotton and Mrs. Cotton, Captain Drury and Mrs. Drury, Dr. Neilson and Mrs. Neilson, Captain Rutherford of B Battery, Mr. Smith and the Misses Smith, Mr. Strange and Miss Strange, Messrs. Jones, Skinner and Kent.

I have received the following letter which explains itself: It is only fair to the ladies and gentlemen whose taste, skill and indefatigable exertion made the Art Fair so delightful at the time and so charming to remember to let them know the financial result, and how much remains to be applied to the building fund of the proposed picture gallery.

The total receipts were	$4,164 47
Expenses	3,447 88
Leaving a surplus of	$ 716 59

We had hoped to realize much more, and should have done so had the mass of the public realized the attractiveness and beauty of the performances, and attended in greater numbers. Still art for art's sake has its reward in the satisfaction of doing a thing well and in giving pleasure to others, and this satisfaction must be felt to the full by all the large number, nearly three hundred, who took part in the fair and worked with such harmony and good will in carrying it through.

*

Besides the proceeds of the Fair we have now in the bank belonging to the building fund, $875; proceeds of Art Fair as above, $715. Total, $1,590. About $2,000 more have been promised, so that nearly one-half of the amount required for the building is available. Besides this the artists, represented by the Royal Canadian Academy, have purchased a site at a cost of $5,000, of which they have paid $4,000, and have pledged themselves to contribute the rest.

*

Having gone so far it should not be difficult in a city like Toronto to raise such further sum as may be required. I am glad to see that an effort is being made to put the Art School upon a stronger foundation and venture to suggest that as our building is to contain rooms for the training of pupils in the higher walks of art, the industrial training more especially contemplated by the directors of the Art School might be advantageously and economically conducted under the same roof.

*

Mr. James Smith, 31 Adelaide street East, secretary of the Royal Canadian Academy, is authorized to receive subscriptions for the building fund.

L. R. O'BRIEN.

AN AUTUMN NOVELTY—Production of the Atradome, King street east, Toronto.

Personal.

Mrs. John Shields, Queen's Park, is visiting Dr. and Mrs. Bell of Alliston.

Miss Fean of 251 Wilton avenue has returned home after a two months' visit to her friends in Winnipeg and the North-West Territories.

Owing to last week's heavy pressure of advertising matter our Brantford and St. Thomas budget of news was unavoidably crowded out.

Mr. Samuel M. Kennedy, buyer for Messrs. Samson, Kennedy & Co., left last Saturday afternoon for New York to take the North German Lloyd steamer Aller for Europe.

The concerts of the McGibbeney family gave unmistakable pleasure to the large audiences which gathered in Association Hall on the first three evenings of the week.

Amongst our visitors this week from the land of brown heath and shaggy wood are Mr. and Mrs. Gordon and Miss Leeson, who are staying at the Rossin House.

Mr. George E. Robins, well and favorably known as secretary of the British American Assurance Company, has resigned that position and left for Chicago to take the management of an insurance company in that city.

The rival Allan and Dominion steamship companies have been well represented in our midst during the week—the former by Mr. Ed. Hartnett of the Parisian, and the latter by Captain Cross of the S. S. Dominion.

I am informed that the reception given to the Masonic Deputy Grand Master on the occasion of his visit to Rehoboam Lodge was a most pleasant affair. After eloquent addresses by Mr. John Ross Robertson and Mr. E. T. Malone, a sumptuous repast was partaken of, and speeches and songs enlivened the proceedings until the company broke up at an early hour on Friday morning. And when they next do meet again may I be there to see.

Those who had the pleasure of listening to the music rendered by the Hungarian Gypsy Band at the Exhibition will gladly learn that arrangements have been made with these talented musicians for a series of musical At Homes during the evenings of next week, at the Permanent Exhibition rooms of Nicholls & Howland, 63 Front street West. The price of admission (25 cents only) and the high-class music offered, ought to insure crowded houses.

A farewell banquet was given to Rev. Father Gavan of St. Mary's parish, in the Power House, last Wednesday night. Dr. McMahon acted as chairman, and was supported in the vice-chair by Rev. Father Hand, who read an address, signed by six hundred parishioners and friends, expressive of their esteem for Father Gavan. The latter was also the recipient of an address from the children of Loretto Abbey.

The congregation of St. Peter's Church on Carlton street tendered a reception to Rev. Cecil Oven on Wednesday evening in the school-house adjoining the church, which was prettily ornamented with flowers for the occasion. Ven. Archdeacon Boddy, the rector of the church, delivered the address of welcome. A very pleasant musical programme was presented, in which Mrs. Pearson, Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. Beard, Mr. George Darby and Mr. Atkinson took part.

Musical Criticism.

I have received the following letter:

TORONTO, October 8, 1888.

Metronome:

DEAR SIR—Your observations on musical matters have generally been most satisfactory to those who cater for the amusement of the public in a modest way, but I wish to take exception to the disparaging tone used by you regarding the Agramonte concert. Mr. Agramonte is a teacher, whose reputation as such is continental, and who can afford to rest on that reputation, irrespective of the cavilling of local critics, but with the singers it is a different matter. Surely our own people should not be made the subject of a criticism in which there is only too evident a wish to find fault and in which the bitter so much exceeds the sweet, that there are not wanting those who would say that a certain amount of professional jealousy is at the bottom of the opinions paraded. It would be well, I think, that those who sit in such lofty judgment should satisfy themselves and the public that they can do better than those they criticise so flippantly.

ONE OF THE SINGERS.

To all of which I need only answer: first—by asking "One of the Singers" whether Signor Agramonte or his reputation came here to teach? It was the man's work, not his reputation, that I had under notice. Second—A little anecdote will best answer the remainder of this letter. In a certain western city, a journalist was twitted upon his greater pretensions as a critic than as a performer and answered as follows: "In this town there are about three hundred grocers, every one of whom is a thoroughly good judge of an egg, but there aint a durned one of them can lay such a thing."

METRONOME.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

MOTLEY—On October 5, at Toronto, Mrs. W. C. Motley—a son.

BENNESS—On October 7, at Toronto, Mrs. T. B. Benness—a daughter.

STUART—On October 8, at Toronto, Mrs. W. Stuart—a son.

TAYLOR—On October 6, at Toronto, Mrs. Andrew J. Taylor—a son.

ALLAN—On October 6, at Toronto, Mrs. Selby G. Allan—a son.

MOQUIN—On October 5, at Toronto, Mrs. Arthur Moquin—a son.

WARREN—On October 4, at Prairie Lodge, Manoto, Man., Mrs. F. B. Warren—a son.

SPRY—On September 22, at London, Mrs. J. K. Spry—a son.

GRAYDON—On October 8, at Toronto, Mrs. R. A. Graydon—a daughter.

SHEARD—On October 5, at Toronto, Mrs. Charles Sheard—a son.

STAFFORD—On October 2, at Whitby, Mrs. G. A. Stafford—a son.

MEAD—On October 8, at Niagara, Ont., Mrs. J. B. Mead—a daughter.

CORBRINE—On October 1, at Montreal, Mrs. James Corbrine—a son.

McPHADEN—On October 1, at Point Fortune, Mrs. John McPhaden—a son.

WILSON—On October 5, at Montreal, Mrs. Charles Wilson—a daughter.

WHILLANS—On October 5, at N. Georgetown, Mrs. G. Whillans—a son.

ELLIS—On October 5, at Elmvale, Mrs. William Ellis—a daughter.

COX—On October 4, at London, Mrs. A. S. Cox—a daughter.

BRAY—On October 8, at Ottawa, Mrs. S. Bray—of twin sons.

ZAMMERS—On October 9, at Toronto, Mrs. J. Zammers—a son.

Marriages.

ILIFF—WESTWOOD—On October 8, Wm. Joseph Iliff to Ellen Beth Westwood, both of Toronto.

SANDERS—JUKES—On September 27, at Regina, N.W.T., E. C. Sanders to Caroline A. Jukes.

BURROW—CONNOR—On September 25, at Montreal, A. J. Burrow of Chicago to Lavina Sara Connor of Montreal, Que.

SHAW—FLESHER—On October 2, at Deloraine, Charles Æneas Shaw to Louisa Flesher.

SIMMONS—McKINNON—On October 3, at Hamilton, Thomas Simmons, jr., to Agnes Campbell McKinnon, both of Guelph.

TURNER—NORTH—On October 3, William Cowan to Mary Arnison North, all of Gue ph township.

TURNER—FLETCHER—On October 3, James C. Turner to Joanna Fletcher.

RIVERS—GILDERSLEEVE—On October 9, at St. George's Church, Kingston, Captain V. B. Rivers, Regt. C. A., son of the late J. W. B. Rivers, Manager Molson's Bank, Brockville, to Maud Gertrude, daughter of C. F. Gildersleeve, Kingston.

IRVING—GORDON—On October 9, at Uxbridge, Ont., Mary Stuart Gordon to William C. Irving of Pembroke, Ont.

SMITH—NICOL—On October 9, at St. Basil's Church, Charles Smith, youngest son of the late John Smith, to Kate Isabella, daughter of J. J. Nicol, all of Toronto.

HOLGATE—HEADLEY—On September 19 at Milford, Henry Holgate of Toronto to Bessie B Headley of Milford, Delaware.

CARMICHAEL—TAWSE—On October 9, at the residence of Ald. Hallam, Rev. James Carmichael of King to Georgina E. Tawse of Eversley, King.

BAIRD—McCLAIN—On October 10, at Toronto, James Baird to Heldane McClean.

DeGRUCHY—TUTHILL—On October 10, at St. Matthias' Church by Rev. R. Harrison, rector, assisted by Rev. C. B. Darling and F. G. Plummer, John DeGruchy to Emma Victoria, fourth daughter of John Vliiers Tuthill, both of Toronto.

GARMANY—MACKENZIE—On October 10, at Toronto, Jasper Jewett Garmany of New York to Mary Campbell Mackenzie.

HARLICK—DIMENT—On October 9, at Oak Grove, Capt. J. D. Harlick of Chicago to Rosa Annie Diment of Clarkson.

MEWBURN—LABATT—On October 10, at London, Sydney Chilton Mewburn of Hamilton to Mary Talbot of London.

CUNNINGHAM—BUCHANAN—On September 25, at Norval, John S. Cunningham to Annie Buchanan of Norval.

BLACKBURN—HARVEY—On October 10, at Toronto, Walter J. Blackburn to Agnes M. Harvey of Rosedale.

ROWSE—BROUGHALL—At Toronto, Rich. Rowse to Amelia Broughall.

WALLACE—SMITH—On September 20, A. Wesley Wallace, Collingwood Township, to Janet Smith of Lorne, Ont.

THOMPSON—DELAPORTE—On October 10, at Toronto, Dr. S. G. Thompson to Elizabeth (Lillie) DeLaporte.

Deaths.

DOUGLAS—On October 8, at Humber Bay, Mrs. Geo. O. Douglas, aged 22 years.

MARTIN—On October 7, at Toronto, Sarah A. Martin.

WOOD—On October 1, at Burford, Albert S. Wood, aged 36 years.

ALLEN—On September 10, at Minico, Sarah Ann Allen, aged 47 years.

HOZACK—On October 7, at Toronto, Elizabeth Hozack, aged 84 years.

McCAUSLAND—On October 6, at Toronto, infant son of Robert and Maud McCausland, aged 10 days.

McCAUSLAND—On October 7, at Toronto, James Irwin McCausland, aged 6 years.

SMITH—At Philadelph a, Alice MacAuslan Smith.

WEST—On October 5, at London, Edith Mary West, aged 1 year.

TAPSCOTT—On October 4, at Brampton, Rev. Samuel Tapscott, aged 84 years.

DOYLE—On October 4, at Guelph, Daniel Doyle, aged 44 years.

LALOR—On October 7, at Orangeville, Richard Lalor, aged 66 years.

ELLIS—On October 6, at Toronto, Stewart Houghton, aged 11 months.

JOHNSTON—On October 4, at Grafton, Mary McVane Johnston.

BARTER—On October 7, at Toronto, Jessie Janet Barter, aged 20 years.

BRIDGLAND—On October 9, at Beaconsfield, Ida Julia Bridgland, aged 13 months.

KING—On October 9, at Barrie, Fred D. King, aged 26 years.

BALDWIN—On October 9, at Toronto, Susie Baldwin, aged 26 years.

CLARK—On October 8, at Toronto, Alan Duff Clark, aged 1 year.

CADDELL—On October 8, at Toronto, Sarah Cathrine Caddell, aged 25 years.

CLARKE—On October 7, at Liverpool, Eng., Maggie Carey.

FANNER—On October 6, at Cleveland, Ohio, P. W. Fanner.

BEATY—On October 9, at Chicago, James Spence Beaty, aged 21 years.

BARWICK—On board Persian Monarch, Edith Furlonge Barwick of Holland Landing.

FOSTER—On October 10, at Toronto, Charles H. Foster, aged 39 years.

HOUGH—On October 7, at Guelph, Mary Hough.

MERRITT—On September 14, at South Grimsby Elizabeth Alpenah Merritt, aged 82 years.

LYONS—On October 10, at Toronto, Frederick Lyons, aged 51 years.

DANCEY—On October 8, at Colin, wood, Angelina Cherry Dancey, aged 85 years.

TIGHE—On October 9, Stearns Philip Tighe, aged 7 months and 22 days.

BRENT—On October 8, at Port Hope, Mary Matilda Brent, aged 80 years.

SPARKS—On October 8, at Ottawa, Elizabeth Burroughs Sparks, aged 69 years.

RICHARD—On October 6, at Ottawa, Marie Blanche Yvonne Richard, aged 2 years.

GRAY—On October 6, at London, Elizabeth Gray, aged 35 years.

BROWN—On September 28, at Petrolea, George M. Brown, aged 51 years.

MACKENZIE—On October 2, at Melbourne, Que., Annabella Mackenzie, aged 88 years.

PARSONS—On September 29, at Ottawa, Thomas Parsons, aged 49 years.

TRACY—On October 4, at Aurora, Dr. W. J. Tracy, aged 29 years.

BOGERT—On October 5, at Lindsay, Ont., Ann Maria Bogert, aged 79 years.

COCHRANE—On October 7, at Roseville, N. J., Margaret Jane Donnell Cochrane.

STEWART—On October 7, at Cowansville, Que., James W. Stewart, aged 79 years.

NIXON—On October 6, at Montreal, Robert Nixon, aged 94 years.

Miss Maud Banks.

Miss Maud Banks, the talented young daughter of the famous Gen. N. P. Banks, ex-Governor of Massachusetts, who will appear at the Grand Opera House, commencing next Monday, in a repertoire of classic plays, seems to be carrying Canada by storm. Not since the tour of Mary Anderson have the newspapers exhibited as much enthusiasm over an actress.

Probably no lady on the stage to-day is better fitted by birth, education and appearance to succeed in the profession she has chosen than Miss Banks, and unlike the many who dare not surround themselves with people of ability, fearing that the support may overshadow the star, she brings with her an excellent company, headed by Mr. E. J. Buckley, who last season supported Booth and Barrett, and who is an eminent actor. Both from a social and histrionic standpoint her engagement here should be a very successful one.

The following is the repertoire: Monday evening, Ingomar; Tuesday, Leah, the Forsaken; Wednesday, Ingomar; Thursday, Leah, the Forsaken; Friday, Lady of Lyons; Saturday, Love's Sacrifice; Matinee, Wednesday, Lady of Lyons; Matinee, Saturday, Love's Sacrifice.

"PIANOS."

THE STANDARD MAKERS OF THE WORLD

We solicit inspection of our exceptionally large and attractive assortment of the following unrivalled Pianos just received:

CHICKERING, STEINWAY, HAINES

The superiority of these instruments both as to quality of tone and general workmanship is acknowledged by the leading artists and musical public of America and Europe.

SECOND-HAND PIANOS ranging at all prices and sold on most Liberal Terms.

A. & S. NORDHEIMER,
15 King Street East, Toronto.

BRANCHES—Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, London.

FURS! FURS!

BASTEDO & CO.

15 King Sreet West (Old Sheffield House)

Seal Mantles, Short Jackets, Capes, Muffs, and Colored Persian and other Coats

BEAR AND LYNX BOAS

At Strictly Wholesale Prices

Every article guaranteed. Ladies can depend on getting

Perfectly Fitting Garments

BASTEDO & CO.

A Modest Request.

Mr. Henpeck (a very small man)—What shall I get up on that chair for, Mirandy?

Mrs. Henpeck (very large and masculine)—Get up on that chair, you insignificant little whiffet, so I can box your ears without having to stoop over. Get up on that chair! Do you hear!

A Necessary Delay.

Dakota Lady (impatiently)—Aren't you nearly ready for church, my dear? the bell is tolling.

Dakota Husband—Dang it all, I can't find my plug of tobacco!

JACOBS & SHAW'S

Toronto Opera House

ONE WEEK, COMMENCING

Monday, Oct. 15

Matinees Tuesday, Wednesday & Saturday

H. R. JACOBS' GREAT COMPANY IN

ROMANY RYE

(GIPSY GENTLEMAN)

A Romantic Melo-Drama in Five Acts by George R. Sims.

TWO CAR LOADS OF SPECIAL SCENERY

Seats can be secured one week in advance at Box Office. Telephone No. 86.

Shaftesbury Hall

(For a Short Period)

PHILIPPOTEAUX' GRAND PAINTING

Christ

Entering Jerusalem

Open Daily from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

ADMISSION 25c. CHILDREN 15c

Prof. Geo. W. Blish

(Of the Blish School of Elocution, Boston) in

READINGS AND RECITATIONS

Dramatic, Pathetic and Humorous

ASSOCIATION HALL

Monday, October, 15, 1888

This engagement affords all lovers of Elocution an opportunity of hearing the most talented Elocutionist now before the public. The programme will embrace selections from the best authors, and is specially selected to display Prof. Blish's rare elocutionary powers. The press pronounce him one of the most perfect readers in the profession.

Subscription List now open at the Piano Warerooms of A. & S. Nordheimer's, 15 King St. East. Reserved plan for subscribers will be opened October 10th, at 10 a.m.

Admission 25 cts. Reserved Seats 50 cts.

ARCHDUKE JOSEPH'S

CELEBRATED

HUNGARIAN GYPSY BAND

AT THE

Permanent Exhibition of Manufactures

63 to 69 Front Street West, Toronto

(Nearly opposite the Queen's Hotel)

Each Evening During Week Commencing October 15

CHANGE OF PROGRAMME EVERY EVENING

Tickets may be procured at Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer's, I. Suckling & Sons and at the Permanent Exhibition.

Admittance 25 cents. Doors open at 7.30 p.m.

STECK

PIANOS

Are Preferred to all others after

Thirty Years' Test

SOLE AGENTS

P. W. Graham & Co.

63 King Street West

A. A. ALEXANDER

466 West Queen St., cor. Denison Ave.

HIGH GRADE FURS

Ladies' Fur Garments, Newmarkets, Mantles, Dolmanettes and Short Jackets, in South Sea Seal, Otter, Beaver, Persian Lamb, Mink, &c., Bear, Lynx, Opossum, Sable and Fox Boas and Muffs.

Exclusive right for the West End to sell the Queen's Own Cap, which we have in stock in South Sea Seal, Otter, Beaver, Persian Lamb and Astracan.

Call and Inspect Our Fur Show Rooms

466 QUEEN STREET, COR. DENISON AVE

THE MART

By OLIVER, COATE & CO.

Established 1834

Sale of Elegant Household

FURNITURE

Concert Grand Piano

By Chickering, N. Y., etc.

At the residence of G. T. BLACKSTOCK, Esq.

374 Jarvis St.

ON

Thursday, October 18

We are favored with instructions to sell by auction the whole of the Household Furniture, comprising Handsome Concert Grand Piano, by Chickering, N. Y., Mahogany 2-door Wardrobe, Morocco Dining Chairs in Oak, Parlor Dining Table, together with a large number of articles suitable for a gentleman's residence.

Terms cash. Sale at 11 o'clock.

OLIVER, COATE & CO.

PIANOS

The Leading Pianos of the World

WEBER
SOHMER

Also a large stock of second-hand Pianos, upright and square, by Standard American makers,

Dunham — Weber
Steinway — Chickering
Fisher — Collard
Etc.

At much reduced prices. All fully guaranteed. Catalogues and Lists on application.

I. Suckling & Sons

PIANO WAREROOMS

Corner Yonge and Adelaide Streets

DIAMONDS.

Special Close Prices for the Next Thirty Days

GEO. E. TROREY

(Successor to Goulden & Trorey)
Manufacturing Jeweler
61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

D. GRANT & Co.

167 Yonge Street

Have opened to-day a fresh shipment of desirable dress goods. Splendid qualities and colorings. These are

First Class Goods

and scarce in the market.

New Mantles and Mantle Cloths

Direct Importations. Unsurpassed value. A large invoice of

CHILDRENS' MANTLES AND ULSTERS

Good patterns. Selling very cheap.

D. GRANT & CO., 167 Yonge St.

BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL

A perfectly constructed Summer and Winter Hotel, costing a quarter of a million dollars, situated on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, near the summit of the Rocky Mountains in the Canadian National Park.

The house is electric lighted and has every comfort and convenience found in city hotels of the highest grade. The numerous hot sulphur springs in close proximity vary in temperature from 30 to 121 degrees, and perfect bathing facilities are supplied. Testimony to the wonderful curative properties of the water is plentiful. A first-class livery of driving and saddle horses forms part of the establishment, and there are excellent roads and walks in all directions, built and maintained by the Government. The house is 5,000 feet above sea level and is surrounded by magnificent mountain peaks 5,000 to 8,000 feet high. In grandeur of scenery and purity of atmosphere the region is immeasurably superior to any similar health resort on the continent. The hotel rates are $3.50 a day upward, and special terms for longer time may be had by addressing George Holliday, Manager, Banff, Alberta, Canada. For further information and for excursion tickets, apply to any Canadian Pacific Ry. Ticket Office, or at 110 King Street West, Toronto.

: : : :

ALLAN
Furniture Co.

5 King Street East - TORONTO

ENTIRELY NEW DESIGNS

THE
Palace Furniture
- WAREROOM -

5 King Street East

TORONTO

: : : :

SATISFACTION

GUARANTEED

BOYS'

Overcoats and Suits

We show a tremendous assortment of Juvenile Overcoats and Suits, the styles are entirely confined to ourselves, having been procured in New York, and designed by our own designer. Prices 25 per cent. lower than any other Clothing House in the Dominion.

OAK HALL,

115 to 121 King Street East,

TORONTO.

WILLIAM RUTHERFORD - Manager.

DRESSMAKERS' NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF QUARE MEASUREMENT, (late Prof. Moody's) cuts direct without paper patterns. J. & A. CARTER, Practical Dressmakers and Milliners, 372 Yonge street, Toronto. Agents wanted.

Charles Brown,

Nos. 36 and 38 KING ST. WEST.

Coupes 15c. Carriages $1

Telephone 123.

SAMPLE BOY

FURNISHED BY THE FAMOUS

Palace Clothing House

How, when and where to buy Boy's Clothing are very important questions in every mother's mind at present. If you would have them readily and satisfactorily answered call on P. Jamieson, the Clothier, and see the tremendous stock of Boy's Suits, etc., at cost, comprising every shade, style and price.

P. JAMIESON

THE BOY'S CLOTHIER

Cor. Yonge & Queen Sts

Dunn's Mustard

MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO'Y

MANUFACTURERS OF

HIGH-CLASS PIANOS

Unequalled in Elegance of Construction and Beauty of Finish.

Easy and Sympathetic Touch, Firmness and Purity of Tone.

AMERICAN PIANOS. CANADIAN AMERICAN ORGANS

Second-hand Pianos and Organs on Small Weekly or Monthly Payments.

91 AND 93 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

Illustrated Catalogue free on application.

Warerooms, 117 King Street W., Toronto.

GEO. F. BOSTWICK

24 Front St. West, Toronto

ALL MY GOODS ARE GUARANTEED

MY AIM IS TO EXCEL IN QUALITY

Office Furniture — All Styles and Prices

Library Furniture — Extensive Variety

Church — Seating, Pulpits, etc.

Opera and Hall Chairs — Stationary and Portable

AMBERG LETTER FILES

SAFES, VAULT DOORS, ETC.

THE BEST

H. A. COLLINS

The Noted House Furnishing Establishment

Have just received a Beautiful Assortment of

HANGING AND TABLE LAMPS

Also Piano and Banquet Lamps. CALL AND SEE THEM

90 Yonge Street

HARRY A. COLLINS